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THE MIRROR

VOL. X

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1900.

NO. 1

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE

WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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VOL. 10—No. 1.

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The Mirror.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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"JOE JEFFERSON, MY JO."

MANY requests have come recently from readers of the MIRROR for the republication of an article with the above caption, which appeared in these columns upon the occasion of the appearance of the veteran actor in this city, in that simply sweet old play "Rip Van Winkle."

In accordance with these requests the article in question will be issued as Number Five of "The Mirror Pamphlets."

The appreciation of the *doyen* of the American dramatic profession will be of value to many persons who pursue the collection of writings concerning the great ones of the boards, the kindly mummies who, when they depart, leave, as has been said, no monument, but the vacancy where they were.

No fame is so ephemeral as that of actors. Of them the poet has written the pensive refrain: "Into the night go one and all." Any little writ-

ing, concerning those who have delighted us upon the stage, that preserves, however faintly, the impressions they made upon us during those years—the best of life—in which the drama makes most appeal to us, must, therefore, have for us, in later years, much of the charm of old keepsakes and treasured letters. It may be interesting to some of us, a long time hence, to recall, on re-reading the article, "JOE JEFFERSON, MY JO," how the impersonator of *Rip* impressed one observer, in the year of grace, 1899, when the great actor was in his seventieth year.

It is, perhaps, in order to say that "The Mirror Pamphlets," are proving extraordinarily successful. The first four numbers are out of print. They will not be reprinted, despite the demand for them which continues. The fifth number will be printed in somewhat larger quantities than the others, though not so numerous that copies will not, in a very short time, be exceedingly rare. "The Mirror Pamphlet," entitled, "JOE JEFFERSON, MY JO," will be published next week, about Wednesday. It will be sold at five cents per copy. There are now on file over two hundred requests for the publication of the article, and the list of subscribers to "The Mirror Pamphlets," series grows steadily in every State in the Union. Therefore, those desiring copies should send in their orders early.

REFLECTIONS.

The Nicaragua Canal

THERE is, in all probability, nothing in the new political rumor that Great Britain's modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was secured by this country upon an understanding which has for its purpose an eventual Anglo-American alliance. The fact must not be forgotten that the treaties between this and other countries cannot be negotiated and ratified in the dark. There can be perfected no treaty the full details of which are not ventilated in the United States Senate before ratification or rejection. If there should be any understanding not of absolute record in connection with any treaty, any argument, the nature of which was not fully set forth in the documents submitted to the Senate, the treaty would be null and void. Mr. McKinley cannot make a treaty. Nor can Mr. Hay. Any understanding with them upon the part of Great Britain would not bind the Senate, unless the Senate explicitly approved it. The suggestion, therefore, that there is "a nigger in the wood-pile" is hardly worth serious consideration. The moment Great Britain claimed anything under the treaty that was not frankly exposed to the Senate by the negotiator on our part, that moment the Senate would repudiate the action of the negotiator. Therefore, we need not fear that there is something back of Great Britain's concessions in the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Whatever concessions we make must be "so nominated in the bond," and the Senate must see them in plain print before voting upon them. The idea that President McKinley, Secretary Hay, Mr. Hanna, or any other person conspicuous in the Administration, is in favor of the Anglo-American alliance is absurd. There is no necessity for such an alliance, at least not on our part. The theory that we are to extend the Monroe doctrine so as to take Great Britain into partnership for the spoliation of South America, while she will combine with us to hog things in China, is too

fanciful. The most cantankerous imperialist of us all must realize that we have on our hands, at the present time, more than enough imperialism to satisfy us for some time to come. We do not need any help to maintain our supremacy on this hemisphere. We do not want anything in China, but a chance to trade on the strength of the quality of our goods. We need no assistance in the Philippines. We give Great Britain enough in cutting through the Isthmus a short route for her ships to her great Austral colonies and to all the ports on the western shores of this western world. There is no need that we should give her more. Great Britain may need our support, because of some combinations against her in Europe, but we trade with all the world our people are bound by ties of race to all the people of the world, our interests lie in the preservation of peaceful relations with all the world. The only contingency in which we might interpose for the protection of Great Britain from her enemies, appears to me to be the rather remote one of some European power invading and attempting to take Canada. Then we should be justified in falling back on the Monroe doctrine and insisting upon the supremacy of our fiat that foreign aggression on this continent and the extension of foreign possessions and influences cannot be permitted. We are committed to the maintenance of the *status quo* on this hemisphere, or, if that *status* must be changed, it can only be changed by the expansion of this country. We might annex Canada, or Canada might declare itself independent. So might we come into the position of protector of some British territory in South America, in case that territory successfully revolted against Great Britain. But no other foreign nation can come to this western world and take British territory, and Great Britain cannot infringe upon any other territory in this country. It is, of course, conceivable that some time in the future there might arise necessity for an Anglo-American alliance, but at the present time there is no such necessity. When the necessity arises, the people of this country will favor the treaty, not before. The people of this country want no alliances, for alliances mean wars, vast armies, heavy taxes, corruption, interference with business. They do not wish to pull Great Britain's chestnuts out of the fire. Anything in any treaty, looking to such a thing, will be promptly repudiated by the American people. So we need not worry about being committed to anything by the Nicaragua treaty that is not expressly set forth in the treaty. As for dread that the neutrality of the canal may make it a means whereby an enemy might injure us, that is purely fanciful. Suppose the canal free to an enemy's ships. How is that enemy to get into or out of the canal while we have a navy to guard either end of the waterway? It is our canal and we can guard it. Governor Roosevelt's cry that the treaty will make the canal a source of national weakness rather than strength, may convince people of the sharpness of his eye in detecting points at which to guard his country, but it will not make people believe that this country intends to build a canal and then let the ships of an enemy enter it and destroy it. The right of the United States to protect its own property in time of war, cannot be denied. Any treaty capable of construction to the effect of surrendering that right cannot pass the Senate. The right is inherent in the nation, treaty or no treaty. I admire Col. and Governor Theodore Roosevelt, but, I think, this time he has discovered a mare's nest, and is exploiting it as a British trap for the purpose of still further solidifying himself with that very vacillating person, "the man in the street."

Mr. Bryan's Fate

MR. BRYAN will be renominated for President by the Democracy. Mr. Bryan will be beaten. He will be

insurrection and dispersing the Legislature before there were any overt acts to justify his action. We may condemn Taylor, but there are many mitigating circumstances in his case, and the chief of these is that he was elected. If he had been a steadier man, the crisis might not have been so acute. If he appeal now to the courts, he may rehabilitate himself in the good opinion of the country, but the first thing he should do is to put the machinery of his government to work to capture the assassin of Goebel. The capture of that assassin by Republicans, and his conviction by Republican officials, is necessary to offset the popular suspicion that Republicans were responsible for the assassin's deed.

Stanard The Leader.

AS the days go by we hear of new possibilities for the Republican nomination for Vice-President. But the more there are of such possibilities the more evident it is that the exigencies of the situation point to Mr. Edwin O. Stanard, of Missouri, as the most available man. He would represent the South and West and the commercial element, in the best sense of commercialism. When the "men who make the ticket" get together they will find Mr. Stanard the man they are looking for. The Missourian will be nominated if he can be induced to accept.

Two Artists

A YEAR ago in this department I prophesied a great success for that "gleeful plenitude," "Why Smith Left Home," for it struck me as a delightful specimen of clean American humor. The play has been a success, not only in this country, but in England. But while the play has many merits of itself, though not, by any means, a thing of literary worth, its chief success with the people has been due to two artists who are seen with it again at the Century, this week. Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle, in the chief male part, *Smith*, gives us an impersonation of a genial gentleman. Nothing in his work suggests that he descends to the lower levels of life in search of material for his fun. He gives us a much harassed man who never loses his good humor amid all his troubles, who never permits bitterness or contempt to spoil the savor of his unction. Mr. Arbuckle has avoided all the venerable tricks of grimace for his laughterful effects. He has captured the fine knack of being funny without being ungraceful, and can put all the feeling of a moment in a look or a word. You never catch him falling into slang or coarseness, of any kind. You never note him disparaging women, though women are the cause of his ridiculous woes. You feel, while watching him play, that he is as much the gentleman as the artist. With this same company is Mrs. Annie Yeamans, in the role of "a cook lady." Mrs. Yeamans does not plunge into burlesque. Her convulsing dignity in portentous ignorance is let loose upon you by her methods of acting in a way that makes her stand forth the embodiment of the comic queen of the kitchen for all time to come. There is a weird mystery about the way in which she seems to awaken out of depths of abstraction to deeds of excruciating inappropriateness, while her continual physiological mixture of surprise, cunning and lugubriousness is enough to push laughter to hysterics. This cook lady with her union labor ideas, and her miraculous infelicity in blundering, makes a fine contrast with the facile grace of Mr. Arbuckle. Mrs. Yeamans is a truly great character actress, who knows,—what few women on the stage seem to know,—that there is something to acting beside talking. It is very difficult for a woman to be extremely funny without being offensive to a spectator's conception of women. In achieving the surmounting of this difficulty, Mrs. Yeamans has done something for which I should think all dramatic critics should give her great praise. In a strongly exaggerated part, as the playwright originally must have conceived it, Mrs. Yeamans has toned down the acting until there is nothing left but a satire which does not touch the woman in the cook. Absurdly farcical as she is, "the President of the Cook Ladies' Union," is yet a woman and as distinctly appeals to our affection as to our risibilities. With two such artists, as I have endeavored herein to describe, there is no reason to doubt that the

"gleeful plenitude" could run immensely for a number of years. It is a delight to see such artists making fun for us. They endear themselves to us as showing us how loveable people can be when they are most absurd. I recommend them both, once more, for work that is broad yet finished, keen yet clean, grotesque, but with an intelligently repressive artistry. May the syndicate send us many such!

Great Month

FEBRUARY is a little month, but there are some big days in it that make it eclipse most other months—the birth-days of Lincoln and Washington, and St. Valentine's day. There are some bigger months that can't make one-third as good a showing.

The Anti-Trust Convention

BEHIND the Anti-Trust conference, which convened at Chicago on Tuesday, there lurks a political scheme which, if successful, will make its appearance in a new, live issue in the next Democratic platform. The conference has for its chief purpose the making of a demonstration which will compel the embodiment in the platform of a plank which shall declare for the nationalization of the railways and other public utilities, chiefly the telegraph. Behind the conference is the power of all the big city organizations which are working for municipal ownership. From each of these there will be delegations insisting that what is good for the cities must be good for the country at large. This movement for municipal ownership is very strong. It is an issue in every city, great or small, in the land. It has an eloquent propaganda and the personnel of the movement is not of a character to be sneered down. The literature of the movement is strong in its cleverness with statistics. The earnestness of the men in the movement, and their undoubted probity and intellectuality, for the most part, make the agitation powerful beyond the imaginings of the men identified with the great interests being warred against. Public ownership is to be urged as the only cure for trust-evils and monopolies, so-called. On the theory that the government must do something to the trusts and the great transportation companies, in order to prevent wage-slavery, the public ownership men are at least consistent in clamoring for radical measures. They want something. Therefore they demand everything. It will be found that the public ownership people have captured this anti-trust conference. At least, there will be present enough of them to make public ownership the most generally recognized "cure." No advocate of the trusts or of leniency to trusts will be heard. Such a demonstration will be arranged as will solidify the movement for public ownership all over the country, force the selection of public ownership delegates to the next Democratic Convention, bring about the adoption of a public ownership plank, and commit the party to straight-out Socialism. This plan, which has been outlined to the MIRROR by a public ownership man of natural prominence, is expected to result in strengthening the Democracy in the cities, where silver is not popular. Mr. Bryan is said to favor the plan. The resolutions to be passed—unless some "traitors" get in the camp to prevent such passage—will be sent to the next Democratic convention, and if they fail to pass, then the party must abide the result, which will be the falling away of the out-and-out Populists. In view of the gold Democratic defection, the Democracy cannot hope even to make a fair showing at the polls next November without the Populists.

The Sign of the Cross

A PLAY called "The Sign of the Cross" is the attraction at the Olympic Theater this week, and the people are flocking to see it. It has been seen here before. Judged from a literary standpoint the play is worthless. As a play it appeals to the crudest taste in theatricals. It is chopped out with an ax. It is a pious play, yet one of its scenes does not offend pious people—the scene of the revel and the attempted seduction of the heroine. This scene is not better than some we have seen in plays that were not pious—in "The Conquerors," for instance. The heroic part is

played according to the most resounding traditions of the old days when the best heroic actor was he who most shook the gas-fixtures and the scenery. Were it not that good people go to this play and actually believe that it is a great literary production and that the acting is genuine dramatic art one would be tempted to say that the work was designed to injure rather than exalt Christianity. The thing is clap-trap and it is, I must say, acted much better than it is written, but none the less it strikes me as Bowery work cloaked over with religiosity to make it attractive to the large numbers of people who would not go to the theater unless they could be deceived into the idea that a play was being presented for the purpose of glorifying Christianity. Bad art cannot glorify Christianity. It can only injure religion by making it absurd. For the people who cannot see this, however, one can have only sympathy, and if they be innocently pleased with what this play offers them, we can admit, without injury to our conscience, that it may be a good thing for them. But who does not revolt at the new use of "the sign of the cross" as a trade-mark, at the profanation of sacred things by turning them into means for money-making? This play is not as bad, to be sure, as the running of a newspaper as Jesus would run it, for Jesus would not run a newspaper in the hope of booming its circulation as a curiosity. Using the personality of Jesus to whoop up business is a strange thing to those of us who remember that he scourged the money-changers from the temple. As Mr. Zangwill said, when in St. Louis Jesus Christ was not a business man. The Redeemer expressly disapproved of the association of money-making and religion, and yet we find preachers using the Redeemer's name in money-making schemes, as in running papers as they think He would do it, or in advising their flocks to go to a theater and see a performance without any reverence for the sacred things with which it deals, simply because it shows a Roman patrician converted to Christianity because he loves a girl. If the conversion of a man to Christianity because he desires a woman be a lesson which inculcates the superiority of Christianity to paganism I cannot see it. The same motive leads thousands of men and women away from Christianity, every year. And the play is *not* put on to help Christianity. It is put on solely to draw the dollars of those ordinarily antagonistic to the theater. It may or may not be good to get the people into the theater by a religious confidence game. The stage should or should not support Christianity—as you please. If it should do so, the work should be done by persons who, at least, believe in Christianity and the arguments the stage should present, in acts and scenes, for the creed should be better than the arguments in the play called "The Sign of the Cross." The play has been going now for some years. Has the stage been bettered by it? Not perceptibly. In olden times the sign of the cross was supposed to be potent for the exorcism of devils. Has this sign of the cross done any exorcizing? Think of "The Turtle," "Fifi," "Sapho," "Zaza," "The Girl from Maxim's," "The Christian." Christianity has not improved the stage. The stage dealings with the sacred things of Christianity have not helped the churches. In our modern conception of things, religion is not a matter in which concession must be made to the craving for amusement for the purposes of instruction. In the twelfth century, mystery-plays may have been effective in connection with missions or revivals, but the passions with which those mysteries had to do were not the common passions with which the modern stage deals. Love of God and love of a woman are not the same thing—not, at least, until the lover attains an exaltation of detachment from the fetters of the flesh which is quite impossible to the modern theater-going public.

A Call on the Thunderer

THE most pathetic spectacle I know is that presented by the *Globe-Democrat* since it has become an "organ." It was always a strong Republican paper, but it never was a Republican paper without rhyme or reason so far as St. Louis politics was concerned. In old days it often did more to defeat the Republican party, locally, than the

Democrats did. Of late years, however, the paper has been standing by the machine through thick and thin and of late years the local machine has been much worse than in the times when the *Globe-Democrat* openly opposed its nominees. To-day one editorial from the *Globe-Democrat* would do more to startle the City Hall gang into a semblance of respectability than a dozen indignation meetings. It is no defense for such a powerful paper that the Democratic machine is just as bad. It would seem to be a great paper's duty to show its party wherein it is going wrong and abusing the trust of the people. A great national paper like the *Globe-Democrat* should be able to keep out of subserviency to petty local politicians. For the *Globe-Democrat* is a truly great paper untainted by aught that is yellow—except the yellow dog in local politics. I only voice the general opinion of the community when I reiterate my regret that so great an institution should lend itself to the support of men and things so small as those which, in days gone by, called forth the withering sarcasm of "Little Mac." If the *Globe-Democrat* would do a service to this community let it call upon the men of its party in power locally to show some regard for something other than their interest in their own salaries. The right word from the *Globe Democrat* would jolt the local Republicans into a realization of the fact that unless the party reforms itself, it can have no chance to win in the municipal election a year from next April. With both parties boss-ridden, locally, and with the papers infatuated with "regularity," there is but one hope for a reform of municipal affairs. That is an independent movement that shall put its ticket in the field before the regular party tickets. Then let the party that refuses to indorse the independent ticket take, under the peculiar circumstances of local discontent, the certainty of defeat. The Republicans are more on the defensive than the Democrats. Everything about the city, with which the municipal government has to do, is an argument against the Republican Administration. If the *Globe-Democrat* does not desire to make the next city election a walk-over for the Democratic gang, it will point out to its own party the danger of the continuance of the present City Hall domination. If neither party intends to do better than it is doing now—then we want a municipal revolution. The city's reputation is at stake. The *Globe-Democrat* is one of the city's greatest institutions. It is read by people of all parties. A ten-line editorial in that paper, in Capt. King's own style, would do more for good government in this city immediately, and for the searching out of good men to nominate in both parties a year from now, than any other thing that could happen. The paper is accomplishing nothing by lambasting a lot of pigmy Democrats. It can do much by a blast that will tend to make the Republican politicians better than the Democrats. The *Globe-Democrat* is too big a paper to be a petty party organ serving the purposes of a pack of ward politicians.

A Life of "Tom" Paine

SOME day, when you feel that seventy-five cents won't save your soul, invest in a little volume of the Small, Maynard & Co., "Beacon Biographies," entitled "Thomas Paine." The life story is written by Ellery Sedgwick, and it is a model of what a short biography should be. It is absolutely fair; imagine anyone being fair to "Tom" Paine. But read the neatly told story and find a picture of a real man, "warts and all," a great man, a small man, a mean man, a noble, heroic man, a fighter, a dreamer, a thinker, a drinker. What a romance it is! How this stay-maker shook thrones and creeds, dared Marat, Danton Robespierre, blundered over *Figaro* Beaumarchais, helped and insulted Washington, was loved by Jefferson, and hated by nearly everybody else, first breathed American independence, escaped the guillotine by a chalk-mark,—the biography, skeletonized artistically as it is, will be a revelation to thousands that "Tom" Paine was an American at whose name all heads should be bared. And he had more true religion in his soul than could be found in a whole universe of those pietistic ghouls who have splashed his memory over with the slime of their own corrupt hearts.

Joker Schurman

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN, of Cornell, suggests that it will confuse the Filipinos for the missionaries of all the sects to turn loose upon them at once, to "convert" them. He thinks one creed should be agreed upon and thrown into them. They may be "lost" through inability to decide which creed is the real salvatory article. The Filipinos thus far have heard of only one sort of Christianity—Roman Catholic. Opinions differ as to whether they like it, but all its *padres* agree. The preachers of the sects will show that Christianity is split up, and the acute natives are likely to become believers in nothing. President Schurman is a joker, but his jest is wise, especially as all the convertible Filipinos were Catholic Christians before the other sects were born. Maybe he is a Jesuit in disguise.

Uncle Fuller.

JOHN RUSKIN.

QUENCHED is the lamp, even in its flickering dear; We miss the light: we would not have him here; No carping littlenesses lift their head Where he is, 'mid the great unjealous dead.

He thirsted—as a thirsty land for rain— For Beauty, and for Good as men for gain; Now may he drink of the immortal tide, Ever athirst, and ever satisfied.

—F. W. Bourdillon, in the *Spectator*.

SOLDIERS' CHRISTMAS IN LUZON.

BY JAMES A. MOSS, FIRST LIEUT. TWENTY-FOURTH U. S. INF.

[FOR THE MIRROR.]

Aliaga, Luzon, P. I., January 1, 1900.

PERHAPS some of you in the United States would like to know how some of us in the Philippines, spent Christmas, eh? Did I understand you to say, "We would?" Very well, then, here goes a skit, in six chapters, entitled,

CHRISTMAS SEVEN THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME.

Scene: The "pueblo" (village) of Aliaga, Luzon, Philippine Islands—surrounded for miles by rice-fields, furrowed by innumerable creeks and studded here and there with clumps of bamboo. In the east, in the direction of Cabanatuan, rise the Coraballo mountains; in the west, toward Tarlac, the late insurgent capital, rise the hazy Tarlac range; to the southwest, Mount Arayat, towering into cloudland, stands like a mighty sentinel, a silent witness to recent battles.

Of the several hundred houses and huts in Aliaga, more than half are without occupants, the owners having fled upon the approach of the Americans. Indeed, so sudden was their flight that, in some cases, the advancing troops found meals still on the fire.

The daily tolling of the church bell, and the simple funerals seen on the streets, consisting of an improvised bamboo stretcher, the corpse and three or four mourners, are familiar reminders of the inroad that fever is making among the natives, who are dying at the rate of five or six a day.

The inhabitants seem cowed, and the only native display of life is to be found in the "Mercado" (market), where men, women and children from the surrounding country, come to barter in and sell eggs, chickens, pigs and fish; "bungas" (betel-nuts), "sampilocs" (an acid, bean-shaped fruit), "dayaps" (lemons) "luyas" (a ginger-tasting root), "passionarias" (large green fruits filled with may-pop tasting seeds), "icmas" (green leaves chewed with the betel-nut), "apug" (lime, used when chewing the betel-nut), and innumerable other native fruits and vegetables.

Aliaga, a hamlet once happy, gay and prosperous, with houses thrice as many and population ten times as great—where dance, music and frolic were wont to hold full sway—to-day bears a sad, forsaken appearance.

Aliaga, too, has a war-story! A large square building a hundred yards or so from the Catholic church is occupied by a company of United States soldiers—Co. I, 24th U. S. Infantry.

Just in rear of this building is a spacious house belonging to a Filipino woman, an invalid, who, upon the approach of the Americans, was hastily carried away on a litter. In this house live the officers of the company—Lieuts. Moss and Hay.

II

As the natives are not allowed on the streets after 8 o'clock in the evening, it was necessary that Padre (Father) Benito Cebrero, the Filipino Priest, should obtain from the Commanding Officer permission to have midnight mass Christmas Eve. Authority was also given for natives from neighboring "barrios" (settlements) to enter Aliaga that night.

III.

About ten o'clock Christmas Eve the church-bells began ringing, and continued almost incessantly until 1 a. m.

At a quarter of twelve Lieut. Hay and myself started for the church, which was as brilliantly illuminated as would allow a small amount of oil and fifty or more home-made candles.

Three or four enterprising Filipinos had established, in the street in front of the church, small stands, lighted by solitary flickering lights, and where, after mass, natives crowded to buy "puto" (sweet rice-cake), "sabaso" (dark brown sugar, moulded into flat cones), "maruyas" (a kind of banana fritter), and "puto-bong-bong" (ground rice moulded into short cylindrical sticks, and eaten with sugar and cocoanut.)

On either side of the walk from the street to the church, are banana trees, on which were hung crudely-made Japanese lanterns, consisting of three white tissue-paper ellipses, fastened together just below the shorter axes.

The sight within the church was, indeed, interestingly weird. The main altar and the space in rear of the chancel rail were decorated with banana trees, palms and other tropical plants. To the columns, on either side of what in an American church would be called the center aisle, were attached Japanese lanterns of the design just described.

The men, according to the custom of the country, were dressed in immaculate white, and stood on one side of the church, while the women, bare-footed, with large white kerchiefs loosely thrown over their heads, were on the opposite side.

There are no seats in a Filipino church—the men either stand or kneel; the women kneel either erect or sitting on their heels.

It is really marvelous the number of times different kinds of bells are simultaneously rung during the mass.

Filipinos are musicians by nature, and it was astonishing what good music the choir succeeded in getting out of an old organ, a tamborine, a whistle, a triangle and two castanets.

About 1 a. m. the tolling of all the bells, the playing of all the instruments, and a grand vocal effort by the choir, announced the end of the mass.

IV.

Lieut. Hay and myself returned to our quarters, made ourselves as comfortable as possible in two easy chairs, and had just begun indulging in reminiscences of where we were last year at this time, what we were doing, etc., and what we would likely be doing now, if we were a "home," etc.—when a knock at the door announced the arrival of some one. At the words "Come in!" entered fifteen or twenty native men, women and children, headed by Padre Benito Cebrero, with a smiling "Las buenas Pascuas!"—"Merry Christmas!" The Padre, his sister and three or four more of Aliaga's "400" took seats, while the rest of the callers, according to the custom of the country, either stood or squatted.

Lieut. Hay and myself at once pressed into service our Spanish-English pocket dictionaries, and made "gal-lant and meritorious" efforts at exchanging the compliments of the season, after which Senor Jorge Capulong, the church organist, and a musician of no mean ability, favored us, on the piano, with "Sobra las Aias," (Over the Waves) and "Jota Aragoneza" (Aragonese Waltz.)

Senorita Barcelisa Taguian, a "chic" Filipino belle of about sixteen, with a fetching manner that some of our American belles would be proud to possess, then sang, "Declamacion Contra el Poder Espanol" (An invective against the Spaniards,) and, as an encore, sang a Tagalo song, not a word of which either Lieut. Hay or myself understood, but we applauded it to the echo and cried out, "Bueno, bueno!" ("Good, Good!")

With a package of Duke of Durham, the Padre's sister

proceeded to roll cigarettes for the crowd, including the women, who, as a matter of fact, smoke even more than the men. Indeed, every man, woman and child in Luzon is "a natural born" smoker.

Knowing how fond the natives are of American hard-tack, we sent over to the company house and got about fifty, which were distributed among the "plebians" as "Aguinaldos" (the Spanish for Christmas gifts.) We then got from the officers' mess some sliced ham, sardines, olives and hard-bread, which were served to the "400," and to which they all did full justice, except the Padre, who, although very hungry, could not eat anything on account of his fasting, preparatory to taking communion at early mass a few hours hence. His being hungry and not being able to eat, while everyone else were enjoying "chow-chow Americano," seemed to be a source of great amusement to some of the party, and the reverend gentleman was the object of considerable good-natured "joshing."

After all of the party had appeared to have satisfied their appetites—which, by the way, were indicative of health and vitality—there were still on the platter about twelve hard-tacks. One of the "hombres,"—men of the lower class—Chinamen, uneducated Filipinos, etc., are called "hombres" (Spanish for "men") by the Americans, who reminded me of the tramp character in "1492," did a little "haying while the sun shines" on his own hook, at once wrapping the hard-tacks in his kerchief, remarking, "Tengo muchos 'pickininnies'" ("I have many pickaninnies") Since the advent of the Americans,—the word "Pickaninny" (child) is of unusually common usage among the natives. The Padre's sister, a woman of considerable *savoir faire*, gave him a piercing look, and said something in Tagalo. I don't know what it was, but it must have been awful. I think it was, "you 'darn' hog;" for, he immediately put back one of the hard-tacks.

The time until 3 o'clock a. m. was spent most pleasantly in song, music and chat. The party then started to leave, but as it would never do to allow such a gathering to go by without something which would remind us of "Home and Mother," one more number was added to the programme: "Cantado Despues el Baile; par el Segundo Teniente, Chas. E. Hay, Jr."—that is to say, Hay sang, "After the Ball."

'Mid lots of handshaking and a pandemonium of "Buenas noches" ("Good night,") "Buenas Pascuas" ("Merry Christmas,") etc., the party then disbanded—and the recollection of those American sardines, olives, ham and hard-tack will long linger in their memories.

About 8:30 Christmas morning, Padre Benito Cebreiro arrived at our quarters at the head of a native band—and such a band!

Some of the Volunteer soldiers, who had passed through Aliaga a month or two before, had "pinched," among other things, all the musical instruments they could get their hands on. A few old casts-off, however, that had been buried in out-of-the-way places, escaped, and these were the instruments used by our band. They included one bass that looked like a punctured tire just from the repair shop; four wind instruments that used to be clarinets; a one-time alto and two cornets, one of which was almost as long as a sliding trombone "on the home-run." It was, however, surprising the good music the "hombres" made with this collection of instrumental bric-a-brac.

After two or three renditions, the band, headed by the Padre, Lieut. Hay, myself, and a few other prominent citizens of the "burg," proceeded to Calle Real, the "swell" street of Aliaga, where the soldiers had made preparations for the races and other contests of the day.

The first thing on the programme was a 225 yard hurdle race, which was followed by the putting-the-shot contest.

Then six of the Chinaman attached to the company as laborers, tried their legs in a 200-yard dash, which was won by the fleet-footed Ah Hung Chang.

After the "leg-race," the natives, for the first time in their lives, witnessed a genuine, old-time American cakewalk, such as only colored soldiers can give, and which evidently touched Filipino risibles in the right spot.

Then came the "spoon-potato" race; the Filipino boy race, and the "needle-thread-cigar" race.

The next event, the American-Filipino race, excited considerable interest, and some of our men who had chased Filipinos over muddy rice-fields, were giving odds in favor

of the Filipinos—but, as usual, the native "wasn't in it." After the sack-race, and while preparations were being made for the tug-of-war, the Corporal in charge of outpost No. 2, came running up, reporting that all the women and children in the market (about five hundred in number) had just been told by some Filipino to leave at once. And, indeed, women and children were running in all directions. Thinking the Insurrectos were going to attack the town, all games were at once discontinued, and then followed a general "free-for-all" race for barracks, where the company fell in under arms, preparatory to resisting the anticipated attack. Upon investigation, it was found that the whole excitement had been caused by a runaway horse, that was responsible for the breaking of several hundred eggs!

After matters had quieted down, the games were resumed, the cariboo (water-buffalo) race ending the programme.

A native, who felt specially grateful for the amusement we had afforded him, then invited us to see the national "sport" of the Filipinos—a cock-fight.

So far as being in touch with the rest of the world—indeed, with the rest of Luzon—is concerned, Aliaga comes as near being "the jumping off place" as any town occupied by American soldiers in the Philippines. However, the company Christmas dinner consisted of fresh beef, rice, apple-duff, hard-bread and coffee—really the ordinary daily dinner, with fresh beef instead of bacon. A number of soldiers, who had money left from last pay day, bought and cooked eggs, fish and chickens.

The Christmas dinner at the officers' mess consisted of turkey, cranberry sauce (canned), macaroni and cheese, potatoes (canned), olives, pickles, butter (canned) and hot biscuits.

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V.

About noon, a detachment returning from Cabanatuan brought us an ideal Christmas gift—a bag of mail!

"Mail from home!"—none but those who have soldiered in a foreign land can appreciate the full meaning of those words! Letters, papers, magazines galore! Although, in body, seven thousand miles from home, Christmas afternoon we were, in spirit, back in "God's country!"

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A BATCH OF GOTHAM GOSSIP.

(MIRROR Correspondence.)

About the Belmonts

MR. O. H. P. Belmont courts and enjoys the unique distinction of being a plutocrat with a conscience. He is worth six or seven millions and delights to inveigh against the gold standard. He is the biggest "angel" thus far turned up by the Bryan propaganda. Yet New Yorkers generally do not regard O. H. P. as a "soft mark." His reputation is that of a man of sound sense. He is believed to be sincere in the holding of opinions which are scouted as lunatical by men of his own class. The Jew in him is a good enough guarantee that he will know how to take care of his money. The Jew's innate love of histrionics may have something to do with his advocacy of the Chicago platform. His younger and better known brother, Perry, had anticipated him by taking t'other end of the argument. Perry had, in fact, pre-empted all political honors for himself; had been Congressman, posed as an authority on economic questions and was Croker's candidate for Governor until the Chicago convention came along and knocked everything galley-west. O. H. P. chafed under the slighting characterization of "Perry Belmont's brother." Maybe O. H. P.'s wife, woman-like, felt the virtual anonymity of her husband even more. She was a *divorcée* and therefore a woman of enterprise. Mrs. O. H. P., it will be remembered, was Mrs. Vanderbilt. Her husband suffered her to get a divorce—helped her along, indeed, in a way that piqued the censorious. Mrs. Perry, who was Mrs. Sloane, obtained her freedom on much the same terms. So it will be seen there was almost a vulgar lack of originality in the operations, gallant and hymeneal, of the Belmonts. Each had been, first of all a *cavalier servente*. Each had acquitted himself in that difficult character with such fine tact and success as to secure another man's chief possession without much argument. Society looked on and almost applauded.

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This was not enough for Mrs. O. H. P., one may surmise. She who had borne and voluntarily relinquished the

great name of Vanderbilt, was not going to sink into the obscurity of "Perry Belmont's brother's wife." The thing was insidious. Oliver Hazard Perry should acquire a position befitting his seniority and his wife. When a woman wills a thing, there's an end. Mrs. O. H. P., had already signalized herself as pre-eminently that sort of woman, in a manner to elicit the praise of two nations. The theory here summed up concerning the projection of O. H. P. Belmont as a political personality has never been scented by the yellow journals, but it's a tenable one just the same. Mrs. O. H. P. did the trick for him. In fact, she discovered him for himself—as women of wit are doing every day for dull or diffident husbands. And she has hit the mark she aimed at. O. H. P. Belmont is a more famous man to-day than his brother, the political and polemical Perry. There are regions in this country,—very wild and woolly they are, of course,—where O. H. P. Belmont is viewed as a sort of Tolstoi, who has renounced his social position and vast wealth to come down and do battle with the Octopus.

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Up to date O. H. P. has given up very little; nothing at all in proportion to the fun he has had and the celebrity he has achieved. The expectation is, however, that he will make a handsome contribution to Mr. Bryan's next campaign. In the improbable event of Bryan's election, it is proposed to honor Belmont—as it was proposed to honor Mr. James J. Van Alen under Cleveland—with one of the foreign portfolios. Said I not that Mrs. O. H. P. was in the game? What better proof could the world ask, that a keenly ambitious woman is planning the future career of Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont? Of course, it is twenty-to-one that Bryan will not be elected, and that the foreign portfolio of Mrs. Belmont's fond dream—I'll wager it's that of St. James—will float away to that mythical shore where lie the great fortune and the social dignities which Oliver Hazard Perry has "renounced." But is not the game well worth the setting of a woman's wit,—to win if she can, to lose if she must? And, win or lose, she has given a name and a personality to her husband.

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As a matter of fact, O. H. P. has not sacrificed a jot or tittle of his social prestige by his advocacy of Bryan and the Chicago dispensation. Money atones for all in Gotham. It is greatly to be feared that if many rich men followed Belmont's example, the heresies of the *sans culottes* would be taken up in a body by the Four Hundred. As is well-known, neither of the Belmont brothers has suffered socially by his peculiar marriage. In each case the conventions of society were satisfied by the fact of the lady's obtaining the divorce. The fullest social restitution followed. In the lower strata of society—which, of course, were not society at all—this practice of making a lady's character as good as new by a divorce-court proceeding is not universally concurred in. But every class legislates for itself and, according to the wisdom of the street, if you can pay your money, you can take your choice. Emphatically, this is what the Belmonts were able to do. "Shall we receive them?" is a question rarely mooted in the exclusive circle of New York, when moral piccadilloes offer the only ground of contention.

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Prize Beauties

THERE is a visible rivalry between the prize beauties of the stage and the prize beauties of society. Functions in the most polite circles are more and more taking on the form of theatrical entertainments, or rather "exposures." The society beauty is as emulously eager for notoriety as is her sister of the stage. Good looks and shapeliness are short-lived, anyway, and the possessors thereof seek to get as much gratification out of them as they can while their brief vogue endures. Hence the pretty equal competition now waging between the lady of the coulisse and the lady of the drawing room. The society beauty takes care to be photographed as extensively as the latest favorite of the vaudeville or the Casino. She may not indeed plead so strong a warrant, for her vanity is alone in question. As a result, the stage is being constantly recruited, and rarely bettered, by accessions from society. The most conspicuous of these "acquisitions" now before the public would go far toward proving that the stage is in a great moral danger from society. Mrs. Langtry, a most convenient example, likes to boast of the *rapprochement* between herself and her New York audiences. The truth of this observation—if truth it be—is the harshest judgment that could be visited

upon that particular class so often misnamed "our best society." It is even harsher than was M. Paul Bourget's, when he apostrophized the ocean against that fabulously rich and vain and idle society of the new world, which has borrowed all the follies and vices, without the redeeming graces of the old.

The Theatrical Trust

SURELY the *Sun* is right when it declares the trusts to be every man's issue and repudiates Mr. Bryan's proprietorship in the same. A cry is now rising from the Rialto against the "theatrical trust." Actors claim that they are unjustly discriminated against—newspaper critics that the trust either wants to muzzle them or have them "fired." Mr. Fiske's paper, the *Dramatic Mirror*, leads the fight against the trust, in this locality. Throwing down the gauntlet to this latest phase of the Octopus, the *Mirror* boldly declares that "no combination which cannot stand to have its methods explained and criticized can possibly live long in this country." The great dailies are silent on the subject—perhaps for business reasons—and the *Mirror* charges that "writers on various newspapers outside of New York who have criticized the trust's methods, have been compelled to walk the plank." What the merits of the quarrel are, I do not presume to say, being not yet made free of the Rialto. But my friend, Mr. James A. Waldron, the talented editor of the *Mirror*, informs me that it's a sure-enough trust, and he points to a recent article by Mr. Norman Hapgood as illustrating its evil tendencies. The two worst results proceeding from this unholy pact are, according to Mr. Waldron, first, the commercializing of the drama, and, second, the subversion of honest, dramatic criticism. Mr. Waldron claims that his own paper has been seriously menaced by the trust, but owing to the fairness of the public and the profession generally, it has come out the stronger for the struggle. In Mr. Waldron's judgment, if the newspapers make a stand for their own independence, they will surely put down this insolent attempt at dictation and control by an outside combination. But if purely mercenary considerations obtain—the dollar before the man, you know!—then farewell honor, etc. A gloomy prospect, indeed. *Malgré* the *Sun*, it really looks as though the trick was up to Mr. Bryan, who, by a peculiar fitness of things, is said to have been a "bad actor" in his youth. If all the down-at-heel Rosciuses of the Rialto shall join the standard of Bryan on account of this cry of a trust in theatricals, there will be a truly terrifying accession to the Army of Discontent.

The "Ben Hur" Fake

TALKING of a theatrical trust, look at a worse thing, the sacrilege of Klaw and Erlanger's managing a dramatic performance in which the Divine personality of Jesus Christ—suggested by an electric light effect!—forms the chief element of curiosity. The venal press mostly concurring, the sloppy ministers approving, the Sunday School delegations applauding, the Jews in the box-office counting the money! Here's a theme that only the genius of a Heine could do justice to. Poor Heine, whose ugly statue has just been mutilated, probably by some compatriots of the Ghetto who resent his satiric touch. This Holy Show is at once a vindication of the historic Jew and a salve to the contemporary Jewish conscience. The greatest tragedy in the world—in which the Son of God was the chief actor—is presented under the auspices of two professional, commercial Jews. These two Jews, with the genius of their race, saw, from the first, that there was money in the idea. They made a vast outlay in the way of scenic and mechanical accessories. "Ben Hur," as a spectacle, and without regard to the irony of its management, is a splendid success. Klaw and Erlanger will have turned their money a good many times before the play runs out here. It's a great go with the middle class—the class that bought Wallace's book by the hundred thousand and still regards it as of almost equal importance with the Synoptic Gospels. To a much smaller class, however, this production of "Ben Hur" is remarkable chiefly for the skill and enterprise of its Jewish managers. It offers a curious contest to Israel Zangwill's play, "The Children of the Ghetto," which failed here, presumably because it was too drastic for Hebrew sensibilities. A Jew, therefore, cannot write for Jews, but on the other hand, a couple of Jewish managers take hold of a most crucial experiment with the Christian conscience, and carry it to a brilliant success. Truly, this people shall rule the nations.

Secret of the Tammany "Cinch"

TAMMANY was never so firmly seated in the government of this town as it is to-day. Tweed may have been more absolute than Croker is, but the New York of Tweed wore a hat several sizes smaller than does the New York of Croker. If there has been no great improvement, morally, there is at least a marked advance in the art of governing. Tammany does not care to be a whit better than the people—that is, the whole people, who resent any official interference with their pleasures and indulgences. Tammany wants the offices. The town is willing it should have them, on condition of its giving the sort of government that suits the majority—which appears to be the minimum of restraint with the maximum of license. At the same time, the town insists that Tammany shall be content with the legitimate official spoils of Greater New York and shall make no diverging arrangement with crooks or criminals or those engaged in any shady occupation whatsoever. The late Mazet investigation—which flashed in the pan—was designed to show that Tammany had not been keeping its end of the contract. Mazet failed to prove his case, and, as a result, the Tiger seems to be in finer fettle than at any previous time in his frolicsome career.

Our very conclusive proof of Tammany's present grip on affairs is found in the gratuitous advice offered you on every hand—if you be a newcomer and a Democrat—to lose no time in getting yourself enrolled in your district organization. Most people here seem to regard that as a preliminary not to be dispensed with. Your business, whatever it may be, is all right, of course—New York is the only town on earth for business—but find out who your district leader is and get inside the organization! All favor comes that way. You had better not settle down to hunt for business till you have squared yourself, politically. See the man who runs things in your district and then you'll be starting right.

As this sort of counsel is "handed" you very cheerfully and without cost, it would be a graceless thing to make mouths at the giver. In most cases it is sincere and well-meant; also it is worth more than your private philosophy may incline you to believe.

Roosevelt and the Vice-Presidency

TEDDY ROOSEVELT is flirting with the Vice-Presidency. I suggested, in this correspondence lately, that his turning down of "Lou" Payn was a play in that direction. From an inspired source at Albany comes the statement that the Governor, by his courage in refusing to re-appoint Tom Platt's friend, has greatly strengthened himself before the country. As all the Republican State Senators, save one, voted to confirm Payn's successor, there is no room to doubt that Roosevelt had the machine with him. Whether Teddy be really desirous to figure as Mr. McKinley's running mate, is more open to question. The *Sun* says Roosevelt must speak himself, before the matter is decided. He has spoken, saying "nay," but the politicians do not believe him. Meantime the boomlet started in the interest of "Tim" Woodruff languishes sadly. Woodruff is lighter than a cork hat, and his chief claim to distinction has hitherto been supposed to lie in the unrivaled extent of his personal wardrobe. He is currently believed to own a larger number of iridescent vests, with fixings to match—"cognate" is Tim's word—than any other statesman in America. However, Woodruff has a "bar'l," and on this account alone his candidacy is invested with a measure of importance. The crux of the situation is this: Roosevelt regards himself as of presidential timber, but he is far from certain that the Vice-Presidency would give him the opportunity he seeks. It is good to be Governor of New York and Teddy is reasonably sure of re-election to that office. Minus the patronage of his present great office, it would be a difficult matter to guarantee the fidelity of Platt, and a free hand would be accorded to Roosevelt's enemies within the party. Moreover, there is a proverb to the effect that the path to the Presidency does not lie through the United States Senate. The presidency is admittedly the goal of Roosevelt's ambition. The moment is critical in, and maybe decisive of, the Rough Rider's future career. He has proved himself to be a better politician than men looked for, in view of his erratic, headstrong course in the past. His administration as Governor has been free from capital mistakes. He has not estranged the Independents, albeit they hold to him by a looser allegiance than formerly. All things considered, it will be no great surprise if Teddy's

luck shall prompt him, at the right moment, to take that tide in the affairs of men which leads on to greater fortune.

Sapho

I RE-READ "Sapho" lately in anticipation of Miss Nethersole. It left me, as it did years ago when I first read it, with a pain in the heart, and a crushing sense of its cruelty and truth. The novel is unforgettable. The art is that of Daudet at his best. The story is redolent of the glory and the sin and the passion of youth. It was a great thing to have written "Sapho." It is a good thing to be able to read it, as the Master himself wrote it.

So I thought, last night, listening to Clyde Fitch's version of the Frenchman's incomparable story. It left me with a pain, indeed—the pain of seeing a masterpiece bungled, distorted and perverted for the sake of dramatic representation. I have never seen a more dishonest piece of stage carpentry. Wherever possible Fitch has taken his dialogue from Daudet, and this about sums up the merit of his adaptation. But the licenses he takes with his original seem to me as unwarranted as they are clumsy and inept. Perhaps a greater talent than Mr. Clyde Fitch's would find a difficulty in preserving, to a dramatic version of Daudet's story, the qualities which give interest, verisimilitude and charm to this famous study of Parisian manners.

Miss Nethersole's genius, it must be said, overleaps the handicaps of her playwright's creation. She is not Daudet's "Sapho" any more than the play is Daudet's story, but she is at least Miss Nethersole. This is a large enough satisfaction to her audiences. In the third act, when *Gaussin* abandons *Fanny*, Miss Nethersole scores the most undoubted triumph of her brilliant career. In the fervor of her love-making, Miss Nethersole as *Sapho* betters upon her own *Carmen*. At times the house rose at her amorous demonstrations. Subtract the sexual motive, plus the aphrodisiac qualities of Miss Nethersole, from Mr. Fitch's travesty of "Sapho," and the rest would be waste paper. Such as it is, the play will be a great money-maker, thanks to its prurient character, the advertisement it has had from the New York dailies, and the splendid talents of Miss Nethersole. But what an artistic triumph actress and playwright have missed in failing to leave with us the pain and the poetry, the guilty-sweet memory of the real *Sapho*!

New York, Feb. 7, 1900. Michael Monahan.

THE MAN-CAT.

SOUVENIRS OF LONDON.

(Translated from the French of Fulbert-Dumonteil, for the MIRROR, by A. Lenalie.)

WE are at London, in one of the sordid suburbs, where the man-cat is giving his performances in the open air.

The following is a description of him: A shock of red hair, surmounted by two erect, pointed ears. Under a low forehead, green, luminous eyes, a semblance of nose, and, over a wide mouth decorated with sharp fangs, an indescribably peculiar moustache of coarse bristles. A supple, nervous body, with feline undulations, nails like claws and, arranged over his back, a fur skin artistically tiger-striped. This is fastened around the waist and body with straps.

Around the enclosure pressed a curious crowd. In the centre stood a black, wooden box, upon which was seated a young woman with sweet, melancholy eyes; Henriette, the man-cat's wife.

While a consumptive trombone announces the performance, a bizarre dwarf, with an enormous beard, and attired in a Hungarian costume, is amusing the crowd with his diabolical grimaces and extravagant buffoonery.

Henriette never ceases to watch him and smiles with caressing sadness. As for the dwarf, he has eyes only for the man-cat's wife, and seems to perform only for her approval, laying at her feet all the popular triumphs gained in his comedy role.

At length the trombone is silent, and the dwarf, leaping like a toad, salutes the audience with a final grimace. Then Henriette rises slowly, and opens the box, from which seven or eight monstrous rats jump forth, running around the arena, mad with fright.

The man-cat quickly places himself on all fours and bristling his fur, emitting fierce, miaulings, pounces upon the rats and breaks their backs with one snap of his formidable jaw.

Sometimes a rat turns, jumps on his body, runs up his shoulders and, jumping at his throat, lacerates the flesh, and, at the streaming blood, the crowd presses closer, shouts, laughs and applauds.

The last rodent, with broken back, lies motionless.

"Bravo, the man-cat! bravo! bravo!"

Seated on the empty box, still smiling at the dwarf who, with his long, bony fingers, caresses the beard that covers his breast, Henriette seems totally indifferent to the abject combat that so excites the crowd.

Henriette is the passion, the life of the man-cat. One fierce, winter evening, alone, abandoned, dying of hunger, she threw herself, despairing, into the icy flood of the river Thames. The man-cat, emerging from a tavern, plunged into the waves, swam towards the young girl, waited till she rose, and, seizing her by the waist with his teeth, drew her alive onto the banks, sustaining her like a child in his Herculean arms, and carried her to his cabin, where he revived and cared for her, watching over her till morning.

For three months Henriette never left the chamber of her preserver, who guarded her with paternal tenderness, till, one day, having realized a small heritage in the country, he asked her hand in marriage.

Being alone in the world, Henriette accepted, and, to-day, all that the man-cat earns is for her. He obeys her like a queen, and adorns her like an idol. Her silver collar, her gold bracelet and ring, upon which sparkles an emerald,—all these he has gained for her by his horrible profession, by the strength of his jaw, breaking the backs of numberless rats, and applauded by the masses. His love for Henriette is written on his visage in terrible wounds and hideous scars.

Behold him, now, victorious, bowing to the acclaiming crowd, holding in his hand—hung like bloody trophies—the hideous rats that his jaw has slaughtered!

Suddenly, a bull-dog, with hanging chops and blood-rimmed eyes, clears the barrier that separates the ring from the crowd, with one prodigious leap.

The dog belongs to a farmer in the neighborhood. Dog and man stand regarding each other defiantly.

"I wager," declares the man, "that, without the use of my hands, I will strangle this dog with my teeth."

"Taken," replies the farmer.

And on all sides bets are exchanged.

Awakening from her reverie at last, even Henriette makes a wager with some one.

Between the man and the dog an atrocious conflict wages.

The dog begins the attack by hurling himself on the man-cat with a hoarse, fierce bark to which the other responds with shrill hisses.

The man receives the assault of his adversary, kneeling, with hands tied and protruding head, like a snail.

The bull-dog buries his fangs in the man's neck, tearing the flesh from it. But the man-cat, who may not use his hands, rises, bends, rolls about and shakes himself furiously, releasing himself from the enemy, to which he delivers a violent kick.

Blood flows, the crowd applauds, and the dog, that his master urges on, returns to the charge, more bloodthirsty and vicious. The man again kneels, reddened with blood, and white with rage.

"Enough! enough!" cry a few timid voices.

"No! no!" shouts the excited crowd. "There are bets as to the finish."

The struggle is renewed. Again the bull-dog is floored with a terrible kick, and the man-cat, grovelling in the dirt, shivering like a seal, launches at his adversary's head, and tears his nostrils frightfully.

In return, howling with pain, the dog springs upon his enemy, burying his teeth in his arm. The crowd applauds more loudly, and new bets are scored: "I bet on the man"—"I bet on the dog."

The man-cat's wife is now thoroughly aroused from her torpor. Bending forward, with pale lips, she watches the combatants, waving her handkerchief.

With hideous face, eyes protruding from their sockets, and lacerated neck, the man-cat strains, ineffectually, to shake off the dog, whose teeth are, as it were, nailed into his arm.

With a despairing cry he rolls in the dirt, dragging the dog down and crushing him with his weight, giving sem-

blance with the informed, confused bodies, as of some apocalyptic, bleeding creature with the head of a man and the body of a dog.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" vociferates the breathless crowd, shrieking like demons.

And the bets increase.

Suddenly the dog loosens his grip on the man's arm and, with indescribable fury, starts gnawing his back, chest and abdomen. The fur, that forms but a miserable protection, is in shreds. The blood flows in streams.

"Victory! Victory!" cry all those who have bet on the dog.

All seems lost for the man—a mass of quivering, torn flesh!

He casts a despairing look at his wife, as though to say: "See what I have done for you! Why does my strength not equal my love? I fear this is my last fight."

But Henriette, with her languishing regards lavished on the dwarf, is unaware of this unspoken farewell.

At this moment the man-cat draws himself up, dislodges the bull-dog with a supreme effort, and, desperate, overturns him, falling on him with infuriated strength and, with lightning rapidity, severs the carotid artery with his teeth.

The dog is dead.

As is always the case, everywhere, the police arrive on the scene when it is all over, and carry the conqueror to the hospital, while the crowd still applauds.

During these savage cries a sweet voice was heard saying: "What a pity! I bet on the dog!"

It was the voice of Henriette, the man-cat's wife.

LINCOLN.

THE hour was on us; where the man?

The fateful sands unfaltering ran,

And up the way of tears

He came into the years,

Our pastoral captain. Forth he came,

As one that answers to his name;

Nor dreamed how high his charge,

His work how fair and large,—

To set the stones back in the wall

Lest the divided house should fall,

And peace from men depart,

Hope and the childlike heart.

We looked on him; "'Tis he," we said,

"Come crownless and unheralded,

The shepherd who will keep

The flocks, will fold the sheep."

Unknightly, yes; yet 'twas the mien

Presaging the immortal scene,

Some battle of His wars

Who sealeth up the stars.

Not he would take the past between

His hands, wipe valor's tablets clean,

Commanding greatness wait

Till he stand at the gate;

Not he would cramp to one small head

The awful laurels of the dead,

Time's mighty vintage cup,

And drink all honor up.

No flutter of the banners bold

Borne by the lusty sons of old,

The haughty conquerors

Set forward to their wars;

Not his their blare, their pageantries,

Their goal, their glory, was not his;

Humbly he came to keep

The flocks, to fold the sheep.

The need comes not without the man;

The prescient hours unceasing ran,

And up the way of tears

He came into the years,

Our pastoral captain, skilled to crook

The spear into the pruning hook,

The simple, kindly man,

Lincoln, American.

John Vance Cheney, in *New York Independent*.

THE BIBLE AND PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE MOSAIC LAW WAS SOUND SANITARY SENSE.

THE sanitary legislation of the Bible, is a subject of peculiar interest, and in his able paper in the February *Quiver*, Mr. W. N. Edwards, F. C. S., seeks to show that the world at the present day would do well to follow more strictly the majority of the laws therein laid down. The study of sanitary science, he says, has led to a great alteration in the conditions under which we live. The knowledge that certain things are inimical to good health, and that other things are conducive to our well-being, has been of immense service to mankind. Wherever the laws of hygiene, as far as they are known, have been observed, there has always been an improvement in the general health, in the longevity of the inhabitants, and a comparative immunity from epidemic disease. It has sometimes been argued that the Bible is not a scientific book, and that we must not look to it for modern scientific teaching. There is, of course, much truth in this, and yet it is astonishing in how many ways Biblical statements harmonize with the scientific knowledge of to-day. In regard to our sanitary code, we get a very good illustration of this fact. Owing to the absolutely spiritual meaning that has often been attached by commentators to every text, the more practical and common-sense reading has sometimes been overlooked; and so, with an excellent every-day sanitary code in their hands, the early Church, and, indeed, we may say everyone else, until thirty or forty years ago, paid absolutely little or no attention to the simple laws it enunciates regarding healthy life. The rules laid down by Moses, had they been followed by the Church in the Middle Ages, would have prevented an enormous amount of suffering and saved an incredible number of lives. The Plague of London would probably have been impossible in the presence of so strict a hygienic code. In absolutely rejecting all unclean feeders, the Mosaic code did much to exclude those animals most likely to convey such forms of disease. An ideal law would insure that no animal likely to convey disease should be used by the community. The law of Moses, however, went a good deal further than excluding certain animals. It insured the following important regulations:—

First.—Draining of all blood out of the body of the slaughtered animal. As it is in the blood that the germs or spores of infectious disease circulate, and might thus be communicated, he orders that they must be completely drained of the blood before being used, and that the blood should be covered with dust, thus preventing the drying of the blood, and the carrying about by the wind, or otherwise, of the microscopical germs, which, although inert in the dried state, can spring into life and activity again on reaching congenial conditions. Also, that under no circumstances is the blood of any animal to be used as food.


Second.—Effectual and cleanly cooking is most rigorously imposed. All earthen vessels that have come into contact with the unclean or dead are to be broken, and not used again; this, because of their porous nature and the difficulty, therefore, of effectually cleaning them. All other vessels are to be rendered fit for use by methods carefully prescribed. The law not only decides what to eat, but how to prepare it for food. Good food is often spoiled by absence of cleanly preparation; hence the specific reasons for this law.

Third.—There must be no appearance of disease in the animals, or they must be rejected. Too often in these days, when an animal becomes ill, it is slaughtered and dressed for the market, much to the detriment of the public health. The law of Moses guarded against this danger. A further safeguard was found in the fact that all unslaughtered meat was to be avoided. There were good reasons for this. The animals might have died of some disease, or they might have eaten poisonous material. Our modern legislation endorses the wisdom of this law, and guards against the use for food of animals that have died from disease; and even goes a step further in destroying animals suffering from such forms of disease as pleuro-pneumonia in order to stamp out the infection, and prevent the flesh being used for food purposes. It is true that in our day the law is often evaded and sick animals are killed and dressed for food; hence, in all our markets, there is a close inspection of meat, resulting in a large number of convictions and a consequent destruction of the meat. The Mosaic law, with its rigorous social penalties, was probably more effective in preventing the use of diseased meat than our modern law.

FAITHFUL READERS OF OUR WEEKLY NEWS

IN THE "MIRROR," READ, LAST WEEK, OF SOME EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN HIGH-GRADE FURS, HIGH-GRADE JACKETS AND SPLENDID QUALITY TAILOR-MADE SUITS, AND THE RESPONSES TO OUR ANNOUNCEMENT WERE SIMPLY ASTONISHING.

THIS WEEK WE TELL OF EVEN GREATER VALUES IN **LADIES' CLOTH SUITS.**

\$45.50, \$42.50, \$38.75, \$35.00 and \$32.50 Suits for  \$15.00

A Remarkable Statement, but One That Is Strictly True.

A Recent Advantageous Purchase of a large number of Ladies' Cloth Suits enables us to offer Beautiful Suits in Beautiful Broadcloths, Splendid Venetians, Elegant Cheviots and Handsome Home-spuns that Represent Values and Bargains of Astonishing Merit.

Every Suit has those stunning style characteristics—that indispensable cosmopolitan touch that instantly proclaims them to be in harmony with the swell prevailing fashions.

Every Suit this season's goods—splendid for balance of Winter and early Spring wear—is excellently made and lined throughout—jacket and skirt—with the best all silk Taffeta. All sizes from 32 to 42.

Do not overlook the Great Suit Value Giving Event, as this is an opportunity that will not probably occur again this season.

Not a Suit worth less than \$32.50—Many worth \$35.00—Still Others Good Value at \$38.75—Some are worth \$42.50—and the Best of Them are Worth Every Penny of \$45.00.

All, Every One of Them At One Price, **Fifteen Dollars** Each.

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THE CONQUEST OF ROME.

AN ITALIAN WOMAN'S GREAT NOVEL.

THE most effective writers of the modern Italian school call themselves *verists* and the most brilliant of these, according to a writer in the New York *Nation*, is a woman—Madame Matilda Serrao. Her stories, translated into French, have taken the French public by storm. There is no exaggeration in saying that, in the opinion of French readers, though every work of art loses immensely in a translation, Mme. Serrao has placed herself on the level of the greatest novelists of our time. She, too, represents the genius of South Italy, so full of life, of animation, of passion, rather than the more cold and prudent spirit of Northern Italy. Her greatest novel is entitled "The Conquest of Rome." The *Nation's* reviewer thus describes the novel:

I have seldom received so vivid a literary impression, I might almost say sensation, as on reading the beginning of "The Conquest of Rome," describing the journey from Capua to Rome of a newly elected young Deputy of the Southern province of the Basilicata. The Deputy is alone in a special car; he cannot sleep, he is cold; accustomed to the heat of the South, he set out on his journey without overcoat and with a modest trunk. He holds in his hand his Deputy's medal, with his name engraved on it, *Francesco San Giorgio*. He looks out of the window. "The train went on silently, now in the plain; the wheels turning on smooth rails did not disturb the sleep of the travelers; lighted windows flew past on the black earth—not a shadow behind the panes. The huge sleeping-car ran in the night as if pushed by an implacable and ardent will, carrying with it all wills disarmed by repose." *San Giorgio* alone is awake; he has left the paternal home, the little place where he has spent dull, insipid years as a small lawyer. He thinks of Rome. "These four letters, round, clear, sonorous as the trumpets of an army on the march, danced before his eyes with the obstinacy of a fixed idea." He had never been there, for want of leisure, for want of money. He saw Rome only in the abstract, like a huge mystery, an ideal apparition, an immense and indistinct

feature. "Ah! how he liked this Rome! He figured it to himself as a colossal human shadow, extending maternal arms towards him to enfold him in a powerful embrace. . . He thought that he heard in the night the irresistible softness of a feminine voice pronouncing his name . . . Rome called him, was waiting for him as a mother waits for her son after a long absence."

When he approaches the great capital, his excitement increases. All his thoughts, his vague ambitions, his intense curiosity face to face with the unknown, are analyzed with extraordinary vividness. The Roman Campaigna has a majesty well suited to the thoughts of *San Giorgio*.

San Giorgio arrives and takes a room at a hotel. His first thoughts are for the palace of Monte Citorio. There he has to choose a seat, there he will have to show what is in him. He has not yet selected his political line definitively; the ten years of a lawyer's work, of obscure and petty struggles, have hardened him, prepared him for public life; but he has not had much time yet to think of the great issues of politics. The old Deputies look on him with curiosity—the Socialists especially, for *San Giorgio* is poor, a self-made man; but "the cold look, the wilful forehead under the close-cut hair, the energetic physiognomy of the young man, marked a formed character, little disposed to submit to any influence whatever."

It is needless to say that the influence which will be felt by *San Giorgio* is the influence of a woman, for otherwise we should have no novel. This hard, stern, severe young man is doomed to fall under the soft, gentle, winning influence of a woman. Rome's first impression on the young Deputy, his walks among the ruins in the Forum, in the Coliseum, in St. Peter's, are well described; but *San Giorgio* is not a dreamer. The Chamber, the Deputies, his new colleagues, absorb him; he studies the faces of the Ministers. "Why should he not become Minister? Is it so difficult?" There is a description of a great session, a great parliamentary tournament in Monte Citorio, which is so alive that you seem to be a witness of it. This extraordinary power of description is one of the great merits of Madame Serrao; it is found also in the account of a grand

soirée at court. Photographs, cinematographs, can hardly equal the descriptive powers of the Italian writer; but she adds to her descriptions the dramatic, the psychological element.

San Giorgio is eloquent, naturally eloquent, as frequently happens in the meridional races. He has made his mark in Parliament; the party chiefs court him, dread him. He is biding his time; does not at first know well on which side of the House he will sit. His fate is decided by accident more than by any great convictions. The Minister is an old, very old man with a very young wife. *San Giorgio* met her first at the railway station, on his arrival. He has seen her since continually; has taken long walks with her; has become intimate with her; she likes him, feels drawn to him, but she does not love. She is incapable of love, in the material sense; she is a creature of a superior sort, an idealist, ignorant of everything that goes under the name of passion. Nobody knows this better than her husband, the Minister, whom she regards more as a father than as a husband. The situations created by the contrast of the ardent *San Giorgio* and the pure *Angelica Vargas* give a singular psychological interest to "The Conquest of Rome." The devouring passion, which is never quite satisfied, finally destroys all the energy of *San Giorgio*; an absorbing topic incapacitates him for the political work which was and ought to be the object of his ambition. Before *Angelica*, all is forgotten—"so much so that the personality of *San Giorgio* effaced itself more and more." *Angelica* finally conveys to him, by the mouth of the Minister, her old husband, her desire that he would leave Rome. The Minister says to him: "Man, this great thing, this power, this force, is subjected to a supreme law which tells him, 'You must do this and nothing else if you do not wish to be useless and mediocre; you must have but one passion, one ideal. Love, science, politics, art—these forms of passion and of the ideal are exclusive sentiments.' 'What,' inquires *San Giorgio*, 'is *Madam Vargas*' desires?' 'That you will leave Rome.' 'I will go; I will resign.'" And he does resign. He returns to his Basilicata. He was to make the conquest of Rome, but Rome has vanquished him. His dream is finished.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. Joe Gettys entertained her euchre club on Saturday evening.

Judge and Mrs. Henry Bond entertained at cards on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Ashley D. Scott will give a tea on Friday in honor of Miss Adele Farrar.

Mrs. Lewis McCall, of Lindell Boulevard, gave a party on St. Valentine's evening.

The Acephalous Euchre Club was entertained on Tuesday by Mrs. Thomas W. O'Reilly.

Miss Stella Schnaider gave a tea on Tuesday in honor of Miss Adele Dittman and Miss Cora Garrels.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Johnson will leave the latter part of the month for San Francisco, Cal., where they will spend a month.

Mrs. Sidney Smith Blackwell, of 4202 Lindell Boulevard, has sent out cards for Thursday, Feb. 15th, from one to three o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Griesedieck are going to Europe in April and will have in their party, Mrs. L. Stockstrom and Mr. and Miss King, of Omaha.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Du Bose of Sawanee, Tenn., and Mr. Horatio N. Spencer, Jr., are just now in Florence, Italy, and will probably go to Rome for Holy week.

The marriage of Miss Amy Axtell Bay and Mr. Robert Tyler Sturgeon took place last Wednesday evening, at the bride's home, 3729 Delmar Boulevard, in the presence of the immediate relations of the young couple. Rev. Wm. Moller, of St. John's Episcopal Church, officiating. Miss Lillian Bay attended her sister as maid of honor and Mr. Pope Sturgeon served as best man. The bride wore a pretty toilette of white duchesse satin with soft lace trimmings. After the ceremony the young couple received the congratulations of the assembled guests and then departed for New Orleans where they will spend Mardi-Gras. They will reside in St. Louis.

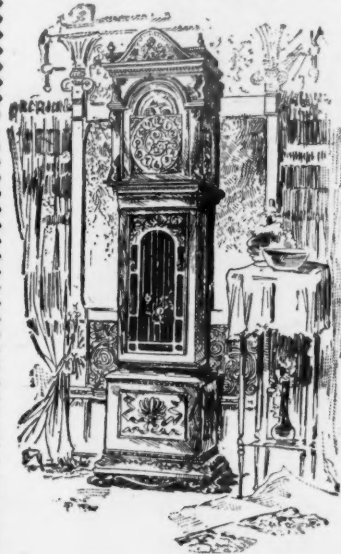
Diamonds at old prices. The big raise in price of diamonds found us with an immense lot of loose diamonds which we are selling at the old prices. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

Mrs. Joseph Watthew, of Laclede avenue, gave a reception on last Friday afternoon, which proved a delightful affair, and was given in honor of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, formerly of Atlanta, Ga., who has come here to reside. Mrs. Watthew was assisted by Mesdames Herbert Dix and Shep. Cabanne, and Misses Geraldine Dillon and Daisy Powell. The rooms were all decorated with pink roses and asparagus ferns, with ropes of smilax, and the lights shaded in pink. Immediately behind the receiving party was placed a handsome candelabra, in which were burning pink candles shaded in the same color. Mrs. Watthew was handsomely gowned in black silk, veiled in black net spangled in jet sequine, she wore a corsage bouquet of California violets. Mrs. Harnun was gowned in a handsome toilette of violet, trimmed with two paler shades. Miss Powell wore pink, and Miss Dillon pale blue. The prettiest feature of the decorations was the dining room, the table having a centerpiece composed of a large bunch of carnations, surrounded by a circle of violets, which was in turn wreathed in mignonette. Among the guests were: Mesdames Franklin Armstrong, Beverly Allen, William Eggleston, Frank Estes, John Harrison,

John O'Fallon Delaney, Wm. Long, Will Ater, Russell Stanhope, Sanford Northrup, William Scott.

The Flower ball of the Daughters of the Confederacy, on Monday evening, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, is said to have been the most beautiful ball given for years in St. Louis. Miss Sallie Walsh, the Queen of the Flowers, charmed every one with her loveliness, as she came into the ball-room, escorted by Mr. J. C. Van Blarcom, her three maids, Misses Ellen Walsh, Lenore Scullin and Louise Filley preceding her, dressed as Easter lilies. Mrs. Julius Walsh, as chairman of the ladies' reception committee, gathered about her the elite of society, who assisted her during the evening. Mrs. Walsh's exquisite golden hair and perfect skin were accentuated by her gown of black chiffon thickly embroidered in pailletes. The maids of honor were all gowned in white with garlands of flowers as trimming. Of these, Miss Virginia Sanford's was probably the most artistic and effective. It was of white lace trimmed in garlands of velvety pink poppies, and across her bare arms were bands of pale blue velvet, held by jewelled buckles. The march was led by Miss Julia Cabanne and Miss Leonora Clague. The ball opened promptly at nine o'clock and closed at twelve, with the throwing of serpentine and confetti. This converted the ball room into a glow of brilliant color, for the gowns of the ladies as well as the black coats of the gentlemen were thickly sprinkled with the rainbow hued bits of paper and all seemed to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Mrs. Huntington Smith gave a delightful musical reception last Friday between the hours of three and six, in honor of Mrs. Hennen, of Kentucky, and Mrs. Pounsford, of Cincinnati, who are just now visiting in the city. Miss Nellie Griswold and Miss Ida Mellier assisted Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Griswold was also present. Mrs. Smith was gowned in a brocade of white and green, with a velvet bodice of orchid velvet, the front of which was of white satin, richly embroidered in seed pearls and studded with a number of magnificent diamonds. Miss Griswold wore a gown of dull blue, trimmed with black applique and mousseline de soie, and she carried a large bouquet of American beauty roses. Miss Mellier wore an all black toilette, the bodice of which was made with a transparent-tucked yoke and sleeves of mousseline de soie, and in the front of her corsage a bouquet of California violets. Mrs. Pounsford was gowned handsomely in black with point lace in the bodice, and Mrs. Hennen wore a stylish gown of black and white with thread lace trimmings. As the continuous stream of guests came and went, a number of delightful musical numbers were rendered by well known artists of this city, and Mrs. Pounsford gave several witty and spirited recitations. Mrs. Nellie Allen Hessenbruck rendered some fine piano solos, and Mrs. Brook Halderman Bensberg and Miss Searls gave respectively a contralto, and soprano solos, accompanied by Mrs. Kate T. Broadus. Miss Agnes Taussig acted as accompanist for Mrs. Charles Clark, who sang two songs. Mrs. E. A. Farish also contributed a vocal solo. The rooms were prettily decorated with palms and garlands of green, and at the end of the program delightful refreshments were served. Among the guests were Mesdames Ashley D. Scott, Julius Walsh, Franklin Armstrong, Charles Alfred Booth, Forrest Ferguson, John Ockerson, Thomas



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Fourth and Pine Streets.

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We solicit the accounts of ladies, for whom a reception room with all conveniences is provided.

O'Reilly, H. N. Spencer, Prentiss Dana, Dana Cheney, Edward Flad, Charles Cabanne, Conde Benoist, Cullen Battle, Beverly Allen, John Young Brown, De Figuerado, Shreve Carter, James Bryson, Mary Polk Winn, Dent Tutt, Charles Hoyle, Misses Caroline Newman, Mamie Tutt, Agnes Taussig, Mary Duross, Taylor, Blanche Benoist, Maude Nolan, Katharine Duross.

A western member of Congress went home at a very early hour in the morning. He had made a night of it with some friends. He knew that his conduct would be considered reprehensible by his better half, and so, as he ascended the steps of his modest home, he racked his brain for some plan to avert the lady's wrath. As he entered the hall he saw an umbrella. Instantly it occurred to him that the umbrella might be his salvation.

He carried the umbrella upstairs. Seating himself on a chair in the corner of the bedroom, he raised the rain guard over his head and then he coughed loudly. His wife awoke and saw in the dim gaslight her liege lord sitting solemnly under the raised umbrella.

"What are you doing?" she asked in natural surprise.

"It is 3 o'clock, my dear," said he, "and I am waiting for the storm."

There was a level-headed Congressman. It's even money that the said Congressman is also level footed. In other words he wears he best and the only best shoe, which is sold at Swope's 311 North Broadway, St. Louis Mo., U. S. A.

A Special Clearing Sale of fine imported China dinner sets, fish, game, and meat sets, tea, coffee and chocolate sets, is announced by Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

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Estimates Furnished.

28th and Olive Streets.

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Balmer & Weber's
808 OLIVE ST.,
OR
CONSERVATORIUM,
3631 Olive St.
Latest Popular Music. Terms Moderate.

UNMASKED.

"I am a new woman," she announced. "Rats!" he cried.

Whereat there was a flurry, and when the dust settled she was holding her skirts in her place of refuge on a chair.

He had unmasked her. She was merely the same old woman in disguise.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Art statuary—Mermod & Jaccard's,

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust

Mrs. Wm. Thompson and her daughters gave a Valentine party on Wednesday evening.

Miss Edith Blake gave a luncheon on Monday to Miss Anne Sullivan, of Jefferson City.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Wollstein have returned from the South and are staying at the Planters'.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Case went to Florida on Tuesday evening and will also visit Cuba and the Bermuda Islands.

The members of the Golf Club at Webster Grove, are to give a Golf ball and cotillion on February 27th.

Mrs. Adolphus Busch, with Mrs. Arthur Magnus, of Chicago, and Mrs. Theodore Conrades, will return to-day from Palm Beach, Florida.

Mrs. P. J. Cunningham and her daughters, the Misses Katherine and Grace Cunningham have sent out invitations for a dance on the evening of February 22d.

Mrs. Edward Mallinckrodt gave a lovely luncheon last Friday, to some of the debutantes, among them, Misses Martha Hutchinson, Alice McBlair, Mimi Filley, May Scott, Sidney Boyd, Helen Dodd and others.

Mrs. Charles R. Drummond will entertain Miss Lillian Bell, who comes here next week to read on Friday, Feb. 23, for the Baptist Orphan's Home, at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Miss Bell is said to be very charming and will probably be much feted during her stay.

This afternoon, at 5:30 o'clock, will occur the wedding of Miss Grace Fisher to Mr. George J. Tansey. Although these young people have been much feted by their friends since the announcement of their engagement, and the farewell dinner to Mr. Tansey, last Saturday evening, was the handsomest and most brilliant affair of the sort ever given, the wedding will be very quiet, only the immediate families of the bride and groom being present at the ceremony, which is to take place at the home of Miss Fisher's parents in South Grand Avenue. The wedding rites of the Catholic church will be solemnized by Rev. Father Sullivan. After a small family dinner, the newly-wedded pair will depart upon a honeymoon tour which is to last about six weeks, and will take them to all the principal points of interest in the East. Upon their return to this city, they will stay for a time at the Southern Hotel, and, later, will take up housekeeping.

Miss Mary Richards and Mr. Thomas Wyles, of Chicago, were married at four o'clock on Monday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eben Richards, 4007 Washington Boulevard. Miss Ethel Richards and Mr. Mott Porter were the only attendants. There was a small reception between the hours of four and six o'clock.

Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom, who is adored by the young people of St. Louis, for whom she does so much, gave a beautiful dinner last Thursday evening to Miss Martha Hutchinson, one of the prettiest debutantes of the season. This was followed by a box party at the Choral Symphony. The guests for the evening were, Miss Hutchinson, Miss May Scott, Dr. Clopton, Mr. Sinclair and Mr. and Mrs. Van Blarcom.

Miss J. I. Lea,
Scalp Treatment,
304 Century Building.

ART.

Mr. D. Crawford makes a full page announcement, in this issue of the MIRROR, of a display of the work of James M. Barnsley, an artist of this city, cut off, some years ago, in his prime. Barnsley was a true artist in feeling and had a technique of his own. In the presentation of sea scenes or landscapes under a hazy atmosphere, it is doubtful if any American artist has ever surpassed him in the conveyance of the feeling of such scenes. All his work was singularly free from pretense. He painted strongly and seriously, and, now and then, he essayed something in a higher key of color which showed that he could get out of the realm of poetic haze, which was his specialty, and do effectively almost anything in which the brush is the medium of expression. The writer remembers one painting of his, in which the subject was a moon just bursting from dark clouds and shining over a pool, which was a marvel of color and light and yet permeated with a sort of solemn mystery of beauty. That picture belongs to Mr. Crawford and is worth a long walk to see. Barnsley was best in the art of giving us the mystery of ships, as they rode in harbor, in the morning or evening grayness. Mr. Crawford's collection of Barnsleys, now on exhibition at his great store on Washington avenue, contains the best specimens of the unfortunate artist's work in all his varying veins. The lovers of art in this city should see them. At their best, they are of rank with the work of Chase. They are of the best art that has ever been put forth in St. Louis and should be as valuable to collectors as the paintings of Meeker, Wimer and Howe.

At Frank D. Healey's galleries, 12 South Broadway, are displayed, this week, a collection of drawings, sketches and designs in commercial art, by Oscar Berninghaus and Angus MacDonall, of the art staff of the Woodward & Tiernan Printing Company. These artists make an astonishing showing of versatility in the adaptation of art to advertising and commercial purposes. The field this exhibit covers is a wide one, from colored covers for the MIRROR to horse-show posters, railroad folders, calendars, and suggestions for interior household decorations. The artists have done very well in many different media, and their work shows, not only versatility, but decided originality and singularly clever execution. The exhibit should be visited by all who are interested in commercial art, and those who don't like the association of art and commerce should visit Mr. Healey's gallery to see how art helps commerce, while commerce doesn't hurt art.

At the Noonan & Kocian galleries, 617 Locust street, are now exhibited four portraits that are notable for their treatment. Arthur Feraris, Court painter to the Emperor of Austria, painted them. He is in this city now, painting portraits for Mr. H. Clay Pierce. He has just finished a portrait of the German Emperor, and came to this country to paint the picture of Mrs. Stuart, wife of the President of the New York Trust Co. The pictures at Noonan & Kocian's are all of the artist's wife, a beautiful woman, and her child. They are notable for delicacy of richness, and for a singular treatment of color. Feraris paints red hair so differently from Henner. He lets a great flood of light into his pictures and the effect would

The World's Grandest Jewelry Establishment.

ON BROADWAY,
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PUNCH BOWL, the foot of which is detachable and can be used separately as a Fruit Bowl, or two Fruit Bowls may be made of it for use simultaneously. It is beautifully cut, as shown, and very brilliant.

Regular price, \$40.00.
During this Sale, \$32.00

Clearing Sale THIS WEEK

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be harsh were it not for the drawing. In two poses of witchery the artist has highly idealized his wife until they are almost too pretty, being saved from that by the freshness in the eyes and lips. A Madonna effect in the largest picture is too hard in light, but a portrait of a red-headed baby is of startling candor and weird color. All the work is strongly individual. All the pictures have merit; one cannot say that they are all likeable. But they are very interesting.

Mike: "McLusher passed twenty-five saloons yisterday widout shtoppin' in wan av thim, an' him wid a pocketful av coin." Pat—"Hivins! Wor he in a thrance?" Mike—"Naw; he wor in th' patrol wagon."—Ex.

Beautiful hand decorated Dresden, Royal Vienna, and English and French Vases, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust, at greatly reduced prices during their annual clearing sale.

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. Howard Watson, of 5819 Cates avenue, will entertain the Morning Etude, on Feb. 16th.

Mrs. George P. Holmes of Cabanne gave a card party on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. W. G. Chappell, of Westminster Place, gave a card party on Thursday evening.

Miss Flossy Faulkner who has been visiting friends in Delmar Boulevard, has gone to Rolla Mo.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Ben Gray gave a luncheon in honor of her cousin, Miss Mimi Filley.

Mrs. Robert Davis, of 112 Newstead avenue, is entertaining Miss Maud Cochran, of Louisville, Kentucky.

Mrs. William Conrad gave a large euchre party on St. Valentine's day, and will also give one on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Wm. H. Thompson and her daughters, Misses Nan and Susan Thompson, gave an entertainment on St. Valentine's evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett S. Brooks have left for an extended southern trip, and later will go to New Orleans to spend Mardi Gras, and then to San Antonio, Tex.

Mrs. George Taylor has just sent out cards for the wedding of her daughter Miss Annie Gray Taylor, and Mr. James Kimbrough Jones Jr., which will take place on Tuesday, February 27th, at eight o'clock. Following the ceremony there will be a reception at the West End Hotel, from eight thirty to ten thirty. The young couple will be at home after April 17th, at 915 M Street, N. W., Washington D. C.

On Friday last, Mrs. Theodore Prewitt gave a luncheon. The decorations were all of pink, and consisted of large bunches of flowers, tied with satin ribbons of the same shade. The guests were Mesdames Rolla Billingsly, Rolla Wells, Charles A. Faris, Ashley Scott, I. G. W. Steedman, Frank Hammer, H. S. Brooks, Simeon Ray, K. M. Howard, Will Barnett and Miss Elizabeth Prewitt.

Mrs. Thomas O'Reilly gave last week the fourth of her series of euchres in honor of Mrs. Thomas M. O'Reilly. The first prize a beautiful Florentine miniature, was won by Mrs. Will Barnett, Mrs. Charles Cabanne won the second, a handsome bronze bust, Mrs. Randolph Hutchinson won third, a dutch filagree spoon, and Mrs. Crenshaw fourth, a spoon, with gold bowl. Among the guests were, Mesdames Randolph Hutchinson, Charles Cabanne, Julius Walsh, Ashly Dr. Scott, John E. Thompson, Will Barnett, Craney, E. L. Adreon, Ashley Cabbell, Ben Kimball, Foster, Trowbridge, Thomas Rodgers, J. J. Mauntel, Alexander De Menil, James Garneau, Ed Norris, Charles Francis.

Poker sets and cigar boxes in Oak and Mahogany with Sterling silver and unmetal trimmings are a novelty for gentlemen, and a complete line can be seen at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh street.

The University Club gave a reception last Thursday afternoon, in honor of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. A large num-

ber of guests assembled to do honor to the distinguished guests, among whom were Mesdames F. A. Meysenburg, John O'Fallon Delaney, B. B. Graham, James Brookmire, Dan Catlin, Wm. Thornburg, Hunt Turner, M. F. Scanlan, Ashley Scott, John E. Thompson, Edward Mallinckrodt, Henry Scott, Howard Benoist, Charles Milliken, Dickson Walsh, Peyton Carr, Misses, Sallie Walsh, Marie Scanlan, Edith Morrill, Mabel Filley, Felicia Judson, Lucy Hutchinson, Bertha Temple, Elizabeth Hull, Elizabeth Semple, Sidney Boyd, Myra Tutt, Emma Updike, Isabel Brownlee, Mary Scudder, Marie Paddock, Mimi Berthold, Lillie Belle Pierce, Bell Lane, Bessie Clark, Martha Sproule, Beth Prewitt, Lenore Scullin, Edith Franciscus.

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"THE OTHER FELLOW."

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has undoubtedly the right to choose titles for his books, but why he calls his last book of stories "The Other Fellow," is not quite apparent. Yet, as "a rose by any other name," etc., so, the title page may pass while the reader hastens to get beyond it.

These stories are instinct with the grace, humor, keen observation and power, which characterize all the literary work of this admirable Chrichton of versatility.

"A Water-logged Town" is an inimitable sketch of a certain type of traveler not unknown to the European hotel keeper. Every one has seen one of those "pigeon-wing" hats, but it was reserved for the author to describe it as . . . "that looked as if the pigeon had alighted on it and exploded." How closely this comes home to any one who knows the agony of beginning an acquaintance! "What an extraordinary collection of idiocies one could make if he jotted down all the stupid things said and heard when conversations were being opened." "According to the Law" is a mordant tale, and also remarkable for a panegyric of the much-maligned Pullman porter, which will induce many travelers to view him in a different light. How is this for a description of a man's crowning glory—his moustache? "A tiny waxed moustache,—a mere circumflex accent of a moustache, over his O of a mouth." Mr. Smith has not crossed the ocean in vain. He knows the vulgar Englishman who, loaded to the guards with brandy-and-soda, makes the steamer smoking room intolerable. "The spirit of old Hennessey was in his veins, the stored energies of many sodas pressed against his tongue, and an explosion was inevitable. No portion of these excitant's, strange to say, had leaked into his legs, for outwardly he was as steady as an undertaker."

On Mr. Smith's lecture tours, which supply the basis of many of these scintillant stories, he seems to have had bad luck in his hotels. At one place he says, "When the eggs came they excited my sympathies. They were such innocent-looking things—pinched and shriveled up, as if they had



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fainted at sight of the hot water, and died in great agony." Whether Mr. Smith describes the mediaeval repose of Dortrecht; the gracious hospitality of our Southern homes, or the barren end of Connecticut "where they raise rocks enough to make four stone fences to the acre," he is always graceful, polished and very, very human, with the kindness which, thank God, is still essentially human.

It is not out of place to mention here that on the evening of the day on which these words will appear—Thursday 15th,—Mr. Smith will give a reading from his works at Y. M. C. A. Hall. (Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.)

When you grow weary of noisy, ill-smelling restaurants, suppose you try the LINDELL HOTEL RESTAURANT. You will find there an ideal dining-room, elegant and comfortable. A first-class chef caters to the customer, whether his order be a chop or a course dinner. The service and appointments are suited to the patronage, which is of the better class.

THE RAINWATER RIFLES.

On Friday evening, 16th, Company E. First Infantry, N. G., of Missouri, otherwise the Rainwater Rifles, will give a reception and military ball at the Union Club. The Rifles have secured Professor Seymour's fine band of 18 pieces which will furnish all the new dance music. The dance programme which has been selected by the Committee, is quite unique in its artistic beauty. Big Gen. Clark and staff are expected to attend, and, as all the military hosts and guests will be in full uniform, the scene in the spacious ball room of the Union Club will be brilliant in the extreme. The following ladies are patronesses of the ball: Mesdames C. C. Rainwater, C. F. Blanke, Adolphe L. Boyce, Charles E. Carroll, M. J. Gilbert, W. John Harris, E. F. Jester, Jacob Klein, Wm. N. McConkin, L. Claude McElwee, Charles F. Miller, A. C. Robinson, J. T. Rombauer, C. P. Ringen, E. A. Warren. The invitations are issued from the office of Captain Adolphe L. Boyce, 723 Mermod & Jaccard Building.

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—Philadelphia Record.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Unusual interest centers on the appearance at the Century, for a week, beginning Sunday night, of two favorites, Mr. Louis Mann and Miss Clara Lipmann, who will be seen in a new comedy, "The Girl in the Barracks." They delighted New York City for a month and they will have the support of a thoroughly high class company and an adequate scenic equipment. Both Mr. Mann and Miss Lipman are popular with local theater-goers who have joined their clever laugh-making in several productions. "The Girl in the Barracks" is a translation from the German of Curt Kraatz and Heinrich Stobitzer, although it has a decided French flavor and all its scenes are laid in and near Paris. It tells a story that is filled with humorous situations and laughable complications. Mr. Mann will introduce another new character, that of an elderly chocolate manufacturer, while Miss Lipmann will be seen as a French music hall chanteuse, a somewhat similar role to her Julie Bon-Bon in "The Girl from Paris." Messrs. Rich and Harris, under whose direction Mr. Mann and Miss Lipmann tour this season, have provided them with a company which includes Joseph Coyne, a clever young comedian, who for the past few years has been associated in the leading parts of the Hoyt farces; Geo. Barnum, a well-known character comedian; and Ben T. Dillion, Thornton Cole, Leighton Leigh, Bert Flansburgh, Helen Harrington, Vivian Edsall, Beatrice Bonner, Mary E. Post, Amy Lesser, Mabel Freneyar, and a number of others. Matinees will be given as usual on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

"Quo Vadis" will be a jam at the Olympic next week, beginning next Monday night. It ran nine weeks in Chicago, and could easily have run nine weeks more. It was a craze in Cincinnati. Scenically it is stupendous. Dramatically, it is thrilling, as all must know who read the novel. The reproductions of Roman splendor are startlingly beautiful. With such an array of players as Joseph Haworth, one of the foremost of the younger actors in the country; Arthur Forrest, a painstaking performer; Edmund D. Lyons, perhaps one of the best character actors on the stage; Elmer Grandin, another fine player of heroic roles; Horace Lewis, W. F. Clefton, Richard Buhler and W. T. Melville among the men; and with Roselle

Knott, a charming and intelligent actress of great versatility; Alice Frocher; Maude Fealy, Margaret Fealy and Carolyn Kenyon to represent the female roles, a great presentation may be looked for.

A notable production will be that of Verdi's "Aida," which is to open at Music Hall with one of the strongest of Castle Square casts. The opera itself is one of the most powerful of the Italian master and, written as it was after he had studied the work of Wagner, it combines the Italian melody with the magnificence of the orchestration of the German master. Many connoisseurs hold "Aida" to be the highest achievement of Verdi's genius, for in it he retains his remarkable flow of melody which made his earlier operas famous, while by his treatment of the themes and especially of the orchestra he showed that he had seen the light of the great German and was prepared to follow to the betterment of his art. In "Aida" comes a work which may well be expected to test even the resourcefulness of the Castle Square institution in treatment of fine detail. In New York the presentation won unqualified approval and it will be presented with all the resources of that organization since its last presentation. The cast assembled for the week is a most powerful one and it has the additional prestige of being composed of members who have already won approval in the roles assigned to them in the present instance. William Mertens is the only voice in the cast new to Music Hall audiences, but his capabilities are well known to St. Louis music lovers. Miss de Treville and Sheehan come back for the production, while in all the parts most competent material has been chosen for the portrayal of the impassioned work. In choral work as well as among the principals there will be opportunities of the most impressive kind and the ensemble work is sure to round out the performance in splendid manner. Orchestra and chorus have been augmented while the host of supernumeraries engaged for the production assures a series of stage pictures of the most imposing sort. Over 200 persons will be used in the production. "Carmen" is the bill to follow "Aida." Following is the cast for "Aida": Aida, Yvonne de Treville, Adelaide Norwood; King, W. W. Hinshaw; Amneris, Mary Linck, Bernice Holmes; Rhadames, Joseph F. Sheehan,

Rhys Thomas, Harry Davies; Amonasro, William Mertens, Homer Lind; Ramfis, W. H. Clarke, F. Belcher; Priestess, Bella Niven; Messenger, W. H. Grimke.

It is a strange thing, how a popular star will affect the box-office receipts of a theater and how interest is awakened by an addition to a stock company. Manager Gumpertz, at Hopkins' theater, has had no reason to feel dissatisfied with the reception accorded Miss Evesson, his new leading woman and with the patronage at his house during the past two weeks. It looks like the old times to see a "standing-up" house at Hopkins', and such houses are now of frequent occurrence. This week the stocks are doing really excellent work in "Tribby" and the strong vaudeville bill is headed by Melville and Stetson. For the coming week, Manager Gumpertz has in preparation a magnificent scenic production of "Faust," which is usually reserved for the banner week of the season at Hopkins', its record being greater as a drawing card than any play of last season in stock. With Miss Evesson as Marguerite, Mr. Maurice Freeman as Mephistopheles, and the remainder of the company is parts that they are thoroughly familiar with, a performance to remember should be given. Manager Gumpertz has obtained the finest set of stage settings ever used in "Faust" and will try to out-do last season's exceptionally fine work in electrical and mechanical effects which were praised as being the best ever shown in "Faust" in this city. For the week's vaudeville there will be an array of talent. Horace Goldin, the best mimic and illusionist ever seen here in vaudeville makes a return engagement. Moa and Goodrick, grotesque skaters, and the Tyson sisters, who have been the subject of much praise in the east, are also on the bill. Following "Faust" at Hopkins', will come another comedy, probably the best light play ever written during recent years. In selecting "My Friend from India," Manager Gumpertz has chosen a comedy that has never been played in this city except at the higher priced houses. It is but a few years old and is the merriest farce of its class upon the stage. Hopkins' has in preparation a magnificent scenic production of Quo Vadis, to be presented by the stock company.

The fun at the Standard, this week, is provided by Fred Irwin's Majestic Burlesquers, an aggregation of talent largely

drawn from England. The singing and dancing are very good, and the travesty, "Down the Line," is quite up to Standard records. The Todd-Judge acrobats are marvelous and the "little ginger girls," Harvey and Irwin, made a distinctly favorable impression. The show ends with the "Kneipp Cure" and a bevy of Oriental girls. Next week the "Bowery Burlesquers" will compete for popular favor.

At the Ice Palace the management provides a constant succession of novelties for its patrons. The masquerades have "caught on" and are attracting much patronage. The early hours are admirably suited to learners in the graceful art of skating.

About a year ago the management of the famous LINDELL HOTEL opened its RESTAURANT to the general public. It is conveniently located on the first floor, with entrance for ladies and gentlemen either from the rotunda of the hotel or from Washington avenue. It serves an elegant meal at popular prices. It is handy to the wholesale houses, theatres, etc.; in fact, it is in the heart of the city.

A GOOD BOY.

A story is going the rounds at Harvard concerning a last year's graduate; a dutiful son and an industrious student, yet, withal, a somewhat literal youth. At the beginning of his concluding year, his father, who was just setting out for Europe, said to him: "Now, Harry, you get your degree, and I'll send for you to come over and travel all summer." Harry was delighted. "Father," said he, "I will." He studied faithfully all the college year, and in June went through, with flying colors. Then he cabled his father: "Yes." But the father had forgotten his impulsive offer. He mused over the message, wondered, and then cabled back; "Yes, what?" The son was in turn perplexed, but being a well-trained lad, he did not remain long in the dark, and fired by dutiful zeal, cabled back; "Yes, sir." Letters of explanation followed, and he is now making the "grand tour."

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MUSIC.

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY.

Great, even sensational, possibilities are found in a programme which includes the finale from the first act of "Lohengrin," the finale from the fourth act of Boito's "Mephistopheles" and the quintette from "Die Meistersinger." It is also reasonable to suppose that these possibilities will, in some degree, be developed when a singer like Mme. Gadski is engaged to assist in the performance of such a programme, with a fine orchestra at hand, a great chorus thoroughly enthused, and a conductor on safe and genial ground. Yet at the concert given by the Choral Symphony Society last week, when the programme was presented under conditions so favorable, the possibilities remained largely undeveloped, the best opportunities were lost, and, while the concert contained some fine, thrilling features, it was, as a whole, markedly uneven and unsatisfactory. To the chorus and orchestra all praise is due. They did their share of the work nobly, the chorus giving out an overwhelming volume of tone in the climaxes of the "Lohengrin" excerpt, and the shading in the Boito finale was exquisite in delicacy and finish. The concerted work of the soloists was the blot on the performance. Everything seemed at sixes and sevens when the soloists came together in the "Mephistopheles." Harry Fellows, who arose from a sick bed to keep faith with the public and the Society, gave evidence, by the feeble tones of his voice, of the difficulties under which he was laboring. Frank King Clark betrayed an unwarrantable lack of familiarity with his music, and Mme. Gadski, who arrived in the city late on the day of the concert, was, through some misunderstanding, unprepared to sing in this number. However, Miss Ringen, who is invincible as a sight reader, obligingly sang the awkward solo bits for the soprano, and also helped the famous *Senta* over some dangerous places by singing with her, and, in addition, sustained her own part. Griffith did the little he had to do conscientiously, but it was a lame quintette. The "Meistersinger" number was still worse. It was not a quintette at all, but a soprano solo with a faint, rather irritating accompaniment by four other voices. Gadski knew her music this time, having sung the role of *Eva* many times, and, after the opening bars, discarded the score, and sang with might and main in German. The others sang in English, Clark again tentatively, and Fellows weakly, leaving only *Magdalena's* part and the insignificant *David's* music to support the appalling volume of sound emanating from the Gadski throat on the broad German vowels. Gadski, of course, sang well, but it seemed to me, often with uncalled-for vigor, and the force she used on some of the high tones caused them to degenerate into a shriek. The "Lohengrin" was much better, the soloists being familiar with their music, Gadski singing superbly. Of the solo numbers, the recitative and aria from Handel's "Xerxes," sung by Miss Ringen, received the most artistic and musicianly interpretation. The wonderful breath-control and and sonority of tone required, make this composition one with which few vocalists can successfully cope, and the performance accorded it was a genuine triumph for the young singer and richly merited the ovation with which it was awarded. With the exception of a barely perceptible effort to complete a long phrase, the rendition was flaw-

less, technically, and the very apotheosis of the aesthetic in vocal art.

The tremendous solo from "Oberon" was impressively interpreted by Mme. Gadski. Her voice is superb in its power and resonance and she fairly smote the audience with clarion-like tones. The arias sung by the Messrs. Fellows and Clark were irrelevant and their trivial character marred the symmetry of the programme. Harry Fellows, owing to his physical condition, was unable to do himself justice, but nevertheless proved himself to be a singer of clean artistic methods, possessed of a voice of unusually large compass and displayed some rarely brilliant, effective, high B's. His selection, however, was unworthy of a place on the programme and I can see no reason why Frank King Clark should have chosen "Le Tambour Major" only that it gave him an opportunity to give a very bad imitation of Plancon. The orchestra accompanied none too well in this number and may be accountable for some of Mr. Clark's shortcomings. His singing was crude and ragged. He forgot the words and the distressing wobble in his voice was even more in evidence than when he sang here before. It is a magnificent organ, though, and was heard to good advantage in the *King's* music in the "Lohengrin" finale.

The credit for this, the banner programme of the season, is due to Manager Moore, and the enthusiasm with which it was received, despite the faults in the performance, proves that his judgment was correct in giving the subscribers a "popular" concert of this kind.

THE UNION MUSICAL.

It is time for public comment on the marked improvement in the programmes of the Union Musical Club. This may be accounted for in part by the increase in available material; but it must also be accounted for in part as the work of an unusually discriminating and tactful committee. Think of the task before the programme makers when the make-up of such a society is considered. Among its members are found women who belong to society and make music a pastime; women who belong to the profession and make it a business; women who have technique, vocal or instrumental, and no comprehensive insight or individuality, and women who have ideas and musical natures, but have not the technique for their expression. In short, every sort—musically considered—from the woman of very small ability to the woman who is almost an artist. Instead of wondering that the programmes are not always good one might wonder that they are ever as good as they have been.

On Saturday the piano recital was of marked merit. Miss Mary Pearson, who opened with a "Berceuse" of Schytte, possesses a soft and pleasing touch, with a firmness hardly expected from a hand so slender. Miss Pearson is a pianist of much promise, with an excellent technical foundation. To find fault with so young an aspirant to public favor seems almost brutal, but it may not be amiss to say that time will probably do away with the little affectations and rhythmical distortions that made the Gounod-Liszt waltz sometimes painful. Miss Weiner is a player of steadily increasing popularity. Her touch is full and round, and her execution steady and certain, sometimes brilliant. In a composition like the "Saltarello," of Mendelssohn-Heller, she shines, but in the sentimental and emotional school she is not so successful. A touch of that nervousness which makes many pianists failures, would



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give an added charm to Miss Weiner's work. George Vieh, who assisted the club, was cordially received, and his performance justified the greeting. He wisely played Schumann and Chopin, who with Bach and Beethoven are the great composers of a pianist's repertoire. With the first two Mr. Vieh is at home and seems to be breathing his native air. There is plenty of the softer side of the beautiful in his work and no lack of breadth and vitality. There is strength, certainty, color, warmth, and if George Vieh is not some time at the top of the artistic ladder, it will not be for want of natural endowment, for he has within himself the making of a great artist. Charles Humphrey sang two groups of songs. If I were asked to name his most conspicuous quality as a singer, I should unhesitatingly say "the catholicity of his art." There are singers with excellent training and superior musical ability who are as unsatisfactory in making a program as *David Harum* in buying a bonnet. The groups on this occasion, consisting of German, French and English songs, were chosen with rare judgment and given with consummate art. The songs were varied in character, ranging from Gunod in his lightest, daintiest mood, to a dramatic moment with Tchaikowski, and ran the gamut of the emotions capable of expression in vocal art, and the singer passed successfully and convincingly from one mood to another giving a vivid color-portrait of each number.

MISS FARR'S RECITAL.

A large and cultured audience gathered in Mrs. Broadus' Studio, on Friday last, to listen to a vocal recital by Miss May Farr, assisted by Mr. E. R. Kroeger at the piano. Of Miss Farr's vocal attainments, it can truthfully be said, she is a young singer of artistic merit. She possesses a contralto voice, full, fresh and sympathetic, with spontaneity and unusual flexibility. It was a beautiful instrument to listen to. The programme showed her versatility, including German, Italian, French and English songs.

The last number "O prêtres de Baal" from "Le Prophete" displayed wonderful technique—trills, cadenzas, crescendoes and diminuendoes were delivered with dazzling effect. Mr. Ernest R. Kroeger delighted the audience with some choice selections.

Miss Christine Nohl accompanied Miss Farr's programme songs with true artistic feeling, and proved herself an accomplished musician. Among the notable vocalists present, were Mrs. Georgia Lee Cunningham, Mrs. Oscar Bollman, Mrs. E. P. Macy, Mrs. Brook Halderman-Bensberg, Charles Humphrey, Marie Searles, and others.

THE CASTLE SQUARE.

There is a Temple production at Music Hall this week. That is to say, the autocratic Edward P. has returned from New York, and is again directing the stage for the local branch of the Castle Square Company. His presence and influence are all pervading, and makes themselves felt from the rise to the fall of the curtain. It affects even the scenic artist, for rarely has Mr. Ritter given us more beautiful pictures than the new "drops" he and his assistants have painted for this production. The Fair scene, with its ingenious design, and the rich autumnal tints of the foliage, is one of the prettiest, if not the prettiest, settings yet seen in a Castle Square production. Hardly less beautiful in design, though less elaborate, is the "drop" representing the Normandy coast, and another showing the road to Corneville, with a bird's-eye view of the village and the haunted chateau in the distance. The choristers, too, seem on their mettle and exhibit unwonted animation and close attention to their work. They "enter" and "exit" according to the well known Temple methods, and the grouping shows the artistic eye of this omnipresent stage manager, who "dresses" the stage more effectively and picturesquely than we have seen it dressed in any recent production of opera, serious or comic. He compels the chorus people to simulate interest in their

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and
Pine Street.

work if they do not feel it, and has made us forevermore intolerant of the conventional methods of the operatic stage, where the ligneosity of the chorus is taken as a matter of course. "The Chimes of Normandy," as given under Temple's direction, is almost a novelty. This weather-beaten work has been given in all sorts of ways in St. Louis, but for the first time we have heard Planquette's tuneful score as it was written and for the first time the preposterous action of the opera, and the inane, not to say idiotic, lines have had the semblance of verity. There is a welcome paucity of the puerile puns and alleged comedy lines, the cast for the most part avoiding horse play and giving a clean, legitimate, unexaggerated performance. The *Gaspard* especially practiced restraint and for that reason became in the hands of Mr. Homer Lind more effective than ever. Gertrude Quinlan, as *Serpolette* captured the audience at once, and was compelled to repeat everything from the first solo "I may be Princess" to the "Cider Song" and dance in the last act, which she gave with infectious abandon. Adelaide Norwood, as *Germaine* is altogether charming. She sings tastefully, acts discreetly and her appearance fully justifies the passion of the *Marquis* as well as that of the cowardly *Grenisheux*. Harry Luckstone is hardly an ideal *Henri*. He is too small of stature and has a peculiar affected

style of delivery in song and speech which becomes irritating to the listener and destroys the pleasure his agreeable voice would otherwise give. Harry Davies as *Grenisheux* works conscientiously. His voice sounds a bit husky and tired, but he sings with spirit and obligingly responds to the encores his singing of the *Barcarolle* and the waltz call forth. Francis J. Boyle is at his best as the *Baillie*. He is genuinely funny without indulging in buffoonery and that great mellow voice of his is a constant delight. Taken as a whole, "The Chimes," as produced by this company, is a great show and should pack Music Hall at every performance. A. C. W.

PADEREWSKI.

This evening, at the Odeon, one of the greatest musical events of the season will take place. Paderewski will give a piano recital. Paderewski's appearance in a town is always a sufficient cause for unusual interest and even excitement. Besides his remarkable playing, there is something about the man which nobody understands or can explain, that yields a remarkable influence over the public. Concerning his appearance in an Eastern city, a well known critic wrote as follows: "The recital was one the memory of which will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present. There were hundreds who had looked forward for weeks with the highest anticipations of pleasure, having previously experienced the charm that this magician has the power to produce, and with them the vast number who listened for the first time to the flood of melody that poured from the instrument by the magnetic touch of the master of his art, sat entranced while he wove about them his wizard's spell. When the picturesque figure of the greatest pianist of his time appeared there was a breathless silence, and from the first note of the opening number of the performance until the close of the second Liszt Rhapsodie, which the artist gracefully gave in recognition of the prolonged applause that followed the last selection, there was rapt attention and the greatest evidence of enjoyment from the fascinated listeners, who drank in with delight the music that came from the hands and heart and soul of the artist." The programmes for the recital this evening and Saturday afternoon are as follows:

THURSDAY NIGHT.

Etudes Symphonies, op. 13.....Schumann
Sonata Appassionata—F Minor, op. 57.....Beethoven
1. Allegro Assai—
2. Andante Con Moto (variation)—
3. Allegro ma non Troppo.....Presto
Impromptu—Op. 142, No. 3.....Schubert
Serenade—Hark, Hark, the Lark.....Schubert, Liszt
Erklung.....Schubert, Liszt
Fantasia—F Minor, op. 49.....
Nocturne—D flat, op. 27, No. 2—
Mazurka—F sharp minor, op. 59, No. 3.....Chopin
Etude—D flat, op. 25, No. 2—
Valse—Op. 42—
Minuet—A major.....Paderewski
Published by G. Schirmer, New York.

Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6.....Liszt
SATURDAY AFTERNOON.
Prelude and Fugue—A minor.....Bach, Liszt
Sonata—Opp. 111.....Beethoven
Introduction—Maestoso: Allegro con brio ed appassionato. Arietto: Adagio molto semplice e cantabile.
Sonata—F sharp minor, op. 11—
Introduction: Un poco adagio. Allegro vivace.
Aria: Scherzo. Allegro molto intermezzo—Lento.
Finale: Allegro un poco maestoso—Fin allegro.
Ballade—A flat, op. 47—
Berceuse—
Three Etudes—Op. 10, Nos. 12, 7, 3.....Chopin
Polonaise—A flat, op. 53—
Barcarole—A minor.....Rubinstein
Valse—Man lebt nur einmal.....Strauss, Taussig
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.....Liszt

The custom of giving birthday rings is a very pretty one. For February the birthstone is the amethyst, meaning "Contentment." Amethyst rings, solitaires or set with other stones, \$250 to \$100, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

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DRY GOODS COMPANY.

MRS. VON WAGSTER WAGSTER.

You may never have met Mrs. Von Wagster Wagster, because it is not always possible for every one to enjoy the society of such an exclusive fictitious personage. But I, who have, can assure you that she is delightful and charming in every way. Mrs. Von Wagster Wagster has a home on Fifth Avenue (upper,) a cottage at Newport, a country house in Virginia, a camp in the Adirondacks, and a steam yacht. What the Von Wagster Wagsters were at one time is a matter of no consequence. We are not now discussing pedigree, but New York society.

Meeting my friend as I do in her own private drawing-room, I have learned to know her well—I may say thoroughly. I have reflected considerably upon the case of Mrs. Von Wagster Wagster, because I know her so much better than those who merely see her name in the newspapers and who have the privilege accorded to the multitude, of reading descriptions of her gowns upon every occasion. But I have never spoken to her upon the subject until a recent afternoon. My silence was not due to fear, for it is much easier to be confidential with a woman than a man, and indeed, if one is not, they are apt to be offended, after a certain reasonable limit of acquaintanceship has been passed.

But while I have often accused Mrs. Von Wagster Wagster of little fashionable sins, knowing this would gratify her, I have never gone into the matter deeply. Perhaps I never should, had not a dispute arisen between us, on the afternoon mentioned, as to my friend's mental capacity.

"I have been attending a lecture on metaphysics," she had started to say, and I promptly dismissed the subject with the remark that I didn't care to discuss metaphysics with her.

"But why?" she exclaimed.

"Because," I said, "you know nothing about metaphysics, and never will. The fact is, my dear madam, you haven't brains enough."

This, of course, would have been an unpardonable rudeness to anyone but a fictitious personage, but in the circumstances, my advantage, of course, will be apparent.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Von Wagster Wagster, "that it is the thing to do, and I am doing it for that reason, but I do not see why you should consider me a fool."

"I haven't said you were a fool," I re-

monstrated. "I have said that you haven't brains enough to discuss a certain subject. One of your occupations is to know just enough about certain things to be able to discuss them with people who know as little as you. To know too much about one thing is with you not good form, because this means continuity, and variety is the only really fashionable staple."

"I can't understand what you mean," said my friend, rather dimly. "I haven't done anything to arouse you, have I? Because—well, that would be distressing. I never have a scene, you know."

I smiled pleasantly. "Not at all," I said, gently. "I am merely showing, that, after all, you are not a person to be envied, with all your opportunities, and I want you to help me out—if you can."

"You mean if I have brains enough," said Mrs. Von Wagster Wagster.

"Precisely."

"And you doubt it?"

"If you had," I said, "you would get more out of your life."

"Don't you think I do?"

"I think you are getting all you know how."

"But I can't change my life," said Mrs. Von Wagster Wagster. "It is not my fault that I have money, that I maintain a certain position, that I am talked about, that I was divor—besides, what does that matter? It hasn't hurt me one bit socially."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "You have evidently thought about this matter, or you wouldn't be so quick to defend yourself."

Mrs. Von Wagster Wagster blushed. She had been betrayed into sentiment. There was a long pause, in which she was evidently thinking deeply. "Tell me," she said at last, "what your candid opinion of me is?"

"Candidly," I replied, "I don't think you are of much consequence. You are important only because people think you so. Of course you are rather a pleasant thing to look at—from the proper distance—because you are always well gowned, and conventional outwardly. There are a few individual traits peculiar to yourself which you have continued to keep, and there is some degree of interest in these. But your wealth hasn't done anything for you except to take away what might have been the best part of you. What you might have done I will not say, but what you have done is so insignificant that it seems a pity you should be a model for any other woman to follow."

"And yet I am happy."

"How do you account for it?" I asked.

"I think," said Mrs. Von Wagster Wagster, "it is because I am not a real person."

New York Life.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The upward movement in the stock market has come to a sudden halt. At the high prices of last week there was liberal selling for both accounts, and those who were so ill-advised as to buy stocks at that time will have to wait until the market creeps up to their level again. The cliques made good use of their opportunities; they succeeded in scaring the timid bears into covering and in deluding the "innocents abroad" into the belief that another big bull movement was in progress. Large amounts of stocks have been marketed at substantial profits; holdings for margin-account have increased enormously, as was evidenced by the bank statement published last Saturday, which showed an expansion in the loan item of more than \$20,000,000. It is, therefore, logical to presume that stocks have again passed into weak hands, and that the market is not in as strong a position as it was up to two weeks ago. Belated, reckless buyers will again be forced, sooner or later, to throw their expensive holdings overboard and given another dose of scientific stock-jobbing. When will the speculative public begin to learn that the time to buy is when everything looks blue, when every effort is being made by the professional element to discourage buying, and when all the printing presses of Wall street are working overtime in the effort to manufacture bearish news?

The late advance in all active stocks was principally of a manipulative character. The sharp gains recorded by St. Paul, Rock Island and Burlington were entirely out of all proportion to the small volume of transactions. During the happy days of the wild bull movement of the early part of 1899, when stock exchange *habitués* were advised to buy "any old thing," matters marketwise had a different aspect. If any one of the three leading stocks above mentioned gained $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 points in one day, the total sales did not fall below 20,000 shares. The other day, St. Paul rose 2 points during one session of the stock exchange on sales of only 7,000 shares. This proved that the buying was mostly fictitious and accelerated by covering operations for "short" account. A cautious investor is not anxious to buy stocks at rapidly rising prices; he bides his time. There was no special reason why investors should suddenly become so enamored of high-priced railroad or inflated industrial shares, and throw discretion to the winds.

Liquidation has resulted in a decline of from 3 to 5 points since last Thursday. The steel group has been especially depressed and succumbed easily. The enthusiasm displayed recently regarding this kind of securities has vanished into thin air; on sober, second thought, their attractiveness and value have again become imaginary and the disposition to sell them at every advance of a few points is growing apace. There is great risk in buying any of them at the current level of quotations; intending buyers should have patience and wait for a good-sized break before touching stocks of this class.

There is no probability of any serious slump in prices in the immediate future; on the contrary, it is likely that the bull cliques have not as yet completed their programme and will put several specialties to a higher level before resuming operations on the bear side again. The market will remain narrow and dull for sometime, with sharp gains occasionally in the prices of those

stocks which have not yet had their turn and are therefore still to be sold. The bear campaign will not be resumed until the controlling interests are ready to benefit by it; nimble traders should, therefore, watch the trend of affairs closely and begin selling for "short" account as soon as indications show that the tide is turning. To act contrary to the wishes and plans of powerful cliques would be like bumping the head against a brick-wall. The best course for a speculator to pursue from now on, will be to sell on an upward scale, but this requires ample means and a great deal of courage.

The directors of the Union Pacific Railway Co. have at last declared a dividend of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the common stock. The earnings amply warranted this action, as they continue to exhibit substantial increases, although the month of December, 1899, showed a decrease in net of about \$80,000, on account of the enhanced cost of operation and railway material of all kinds. The company could afford to lose about \$1,000,000 in net earnings for the current fiscal year, and would still be able to pay 3 per cent. on the common stock. There has been liberal realizing in the shares since the dividend declaration, especially by those people who bought at the low level of sometime ago, but there can be little doubt that the price will advance materially, if the rest of the market maintains an even keel. In case of a moderate decline of 2 or 3 points, the stock should be bought without hesitation and held with confidence. If it is bought at from 48 to 50, the purchaser will receive more than 6 per cent. on his investment, and will, in addition, be justified in hoping for a sharp appreciation in the value of the shares ultimately. In connection with the securities of the Union Pacific Railway Co., considerable surprise is expressed at the dullness of the preferred stock, which continues to be quoted at from 75 to 77. This stock pays 5 per cent. at 80, and should certainly be worth more than 80, in view of the fact that it is secured by a dividend on the common stock.

The money markets continue easy on both sides of the Atlantic, and this accounts for the increase in the buying power of late. There is, however, good ground to believe that interest rates will be higher again within the next four weeks, because the British Government will be compelled to float a large loan incidental to war operations, and financial institutions in London will soon prepare themselves for this emergency. The probability of gold exports should also not be over-looked; sterling exchange continues strong and is quoted at near the gold-exporting point. Prominent New York financiers incline to the belief that we will have to ship a fair-sized amount of the yellow metal before April 1st. Besides this, disbursements in the New York market are generally very heavy in the early days of April, and aggregating many millions of dollars. The condition of the Bank of England, as well as that of the Bank of Germany, has been strengthened materially in the past month, and speculative markets in Europe have, therefore, assumed a calmer and more reassuring appearance.

Legitimate business conditions are most encouraging, and there is no sign of any weakening tendency in any branch of trade or industry, except, possibly, in the iron and steel business. A notable factor in the past week has been the sharp advance in the

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Wednesday Popular
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value of cotton, which found its origin at Liverpool. The world's cotton crop last year has been much below expectations, and there is quite a perturbed feeling in the cotton trade in Europe. The appreciation will materially benefit the people of the South, stimulate industries of all kinds, and result in still larger earnings for the various railway systems. It is for this reason that there is a renewed penchant to buy stocks like Louisville & Nashville, Southern Ry. preferred, Mobile & Ohio, Norfolk & Western, Illinois Central, Southern Pacific and Atchison preferred. As an investment, Illinois Central looks very cheap at present prices, compared with St. Paul and Pennsylvania. There has been good buying of this stock in the last two weeks, especially for British account.

The bond market has become quiet and featureless again, and thereby reflected a decreasing investment-demand. Norfolk & Western 4s, Atchison adjustment 4s, South-

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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Renewal (Gld) 5	J. J.	Jan. 1, 1900	100 -101
Gas Co. " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park " 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	113 -115
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	113 -115
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	103 -104
" " 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" " 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1912	104 -106
" " 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1913	112 -113
" " 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" " 3 1/2	M. N.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" " 3 1/2	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" " 3 1/2	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -110
" " 3 1/2	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" " 3 1/2	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" " 3 1/2	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" " 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.
Total debt about \$19,332,277
Assessment \$345,186,840

ST. JOSEPH, MO.			
Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	106 -108
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	100 -102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	102 -104
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	80 -90
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	100 -102
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg	99	99 -100
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1906	106 -108
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	114 -115
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	110 -112
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	114 -119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	96 -97
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	99 1/2 -100
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	93 -95
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	89 -92
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	100 -101
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -88

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	Dec. '99, S.A.	149 -154
Miss. Va.	100	Dec. '99, 1 1/2 qy	276 -277
St. Louis	100	Dec. '99, 1 1/2 qy	197 -201
Union	100	Nov. '98, 1 1/2	205 -215
Mercantile	100		230 -234

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		15 -16
" " Pfd.	100	Dec. '99 1 1/2 qy	58 -59
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100		19 -17
" " Pfd	100	Oct. '99	63 -64
Bell Telephone	100	July '99, 2 qy	135 -140
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	4 -6
Central Lead Co.	100	Sept. '99, MO.	125 -135
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 -11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Sept. '99, 1/2 MO	130 -140
Granite Bi-Metal	100		265 -275
Hydraulic P.B. Co	100	Oct., '99, lgy	92 -100
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb., '99, 1	45 -55
Kennard Com.	100	Feb., '99 A.	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	July '99 SA.	102 -107
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. '99, 1 1/2	78 -79
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	Dec. '99 SA.	98 -100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		53 -85
Mo. Edison com.	100		18 -20
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '99 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	Oct. '99, qy 1 1/2	80 -90
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Feb., '99, 8	210 -220
Simmons do pf.	100	Aug. '98, 3 1/2 SA	145 -155
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Sept. '99 1 1/2 qy	15 -16
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	July '98	67 -68
St. L. Brew. Com	100	July '98	63 -64
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	30 -36
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '95, 2	34 -1
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Oct. '99, 1 qy	64 -69
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '99, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '99, qy	230 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	Oct. '99, 10	190 -192

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$ 50	Dec., '99, 5 SA	99 -101
Boatmen's	100	Dec., '99 3 1/2 SA	184 -188
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1900 4 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	Dec., '99, 3 1/2 SA	164 -166
Fourth National	100	Nov., '99, 4 SA	225 -227
Franklin	100	Dec., '99, 4 SA	156 -159
German Savings	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	290 -295
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1900, 20 SA	760 -800
International	100	Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	127 -132
Jefferson	100	Jan. 1900, 3	100 -110
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1900, 5 SA	401 -500
Mechanics	100	Jan. 1900, 27 qy	200 -204
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec., '99 1 1/2 qy	149 -153
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1900, 4 SA	140 -142
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Jan. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	249 -251
South Side	100	May '99, 8 SA	122 -125
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct., '99, 8 SA	135 -138
Southern com.	100	Dec. '96, 8	90 -100
State National	100	Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	164 -166
Third National	100	Jan. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	144 -148

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Browns Bro.		120 -121
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 101 -103
Citizens'	Oct. '93 4	100 -
20s 6s	J. & J.	1907 109 -111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 105 -107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 108 -110
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -119
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118
Maryland Trust.	full paid	110 -112
Missouri	Jan 99, qy 1 1/2	
do Laclede Ave. 7s	July	1900 100 -103
do 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105 -107
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s.	J. & D.	1912 -100
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 -100
St. L. & E. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 -
do 1st 6s.	J. & J.	1925 -
St. Louis	J. J. '92 2 SA	130 -150
do 1st 5s 5-20s.	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do Baden-St. L. 5s.	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
St. L. & Sub.		67 -69
do Con. 5s.	F. & A.	1921 104 -105
do Cable & Wt. 6s.	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 114 -115
do Incomes 5s.		1914 80 -85
Southern 1st 6s 6s.	M. & N.	1904 107 -111
do 2d 25s 6s.		1914 110 -115
do Gen. Mfg. 5s.	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
Union Depot.	July '95 3	
do 1st 10-20s 6s.	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s.	J. & D.	1918 121 -123
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 103 -104
United Ry's Pfd.	When Iss'd	75 -85
" " Com.	" "	20 -25
" " 4 p. c. 50s	" "	90 -94

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	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	July '99, 4 SA	44 -46

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ern Ry. 5s and Missouri Pacific 5s and 6s are, however, entitled to higher prices, and should be purchased at the occasional slight declines.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There is no indication of any approaching revival of activity in the local bond and stock market. Transactions continue disappointingly small, and quotations show, therefore, little change. Bank and trust company shares show declines in the bid price and are in less demand.

Mining shares are featureless; Granite-Bimetallic is quoted at from 2.97 to 2.70, while Columbia Lead is 12.50 bid; Central Lead 120 bid and Union Lead 25 bid and 30 asked. American Nettie shares are 1.30 bid.

Missouri-Edison issues show no change; the preferred can be bought at from 53 to 54 and the common at 19, while the first mortgage 5s are nominally quoted at 95.50 bid, 98 asked.

There has been a little demand for Continental National and National Bank of Commerce, also for Union Trust Co. shares lately, but prices remain practically unchanged. Merchants-Laclede National is 148 bid.

Brokers report some activity in Merchants Terminal 5s and St. Louis City bonds, and some inquiry for good country and city bonds of neighboring States.

Bank clearances in St. Louis begin to grow larger again; Monday, this week, they were in excess of \$6,000,000.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

"Do you know, dear," remarked Mrs. Homer, as her liege lord stumbled upstairs, "that I've been awake for hours waiting for you to come home from the club?" "That's just like a woman," growled Homer; "here I've been at the club for hours waiting for you to go to sleep."—Chicago News.

SAFE

DEPOSIT BOXES.

\$5 per Annum.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$4,000,000.

LILIAN BELL.

There is no name better known in this country and also in England, than that of Lilian Bell the brilliant young Chicagoan, or Chicagoenne. Wherever charming pictures of American life are appreciated; wherever the light feathery touch of the kindly humorist is enjoyed; wherever deep thoughts are justly approved there Lilian Bell has a following—a clientele one may say—already vast and extending as she gives from time to time new proofs of her transcendent ability and mastery of purest style. "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," "From a Girl's Point of View," and "The Instinct of Step-fatherhood," to mention only a few of Miss Bell's published works have achieved a popularity that is not ephemeral. This brilliant young woman not only writes, but reads (probably also does Arithmetic) and her readings are taken from her own works.

There is no way to get so close to an author as to hear him—or her—read from his—or her—own creations. The opportunity to make that intimate acquaintance with Lilian Bell will be available here very soon, for Miss Bell will read for the benefit of the Baptist Orphans' Home, at Y. M. C. A. Hall, on Friday evening February 23d.

A delightful intellectual treat will thus be provided, and at the same time much needed assistance given to one of the most worthy charities in the city.

Poker sets and cigar boxes in Oak and Mahogany with Sterling silver and gun metal trimmings are a novelty for gentlemen, and a complete line can be seen at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

MARRIAGE MAXIMS.

In one of his novels, Conan Doyle lays down some "Maxims for the Married" that are worth framing and hanging over the mantelpiece in every new home. Here are a few of them:—

Never both be cross at the same time. Wait your turn.

You were gentleman and lady before you were husband and wife. Don't forget it.

A blind love is a foolish love. Encourage the best.

If you take liberties be prepared to give them.

There is only one thing worse than quarrels in public. That is caresses.

Money is not essential to happiness, but happy people usually have enough. So save some.

The easiest way of saving is to do without things.

If you can't, then you had better do without a wife.

The man who respects his wife does not turn her into a mendicant. Give her a purse of her own.

GRAND OPENING, FRIDAY, FEB. 16th,

— OF A —

High=Art Gallery

— IN —

CRAWFORD'S,

BROUGHT ABOUT IN THE FOLLOWING WAY :

It may be remembered that some quarter of a century ago there came from Canada, with his mother, a young, handsome lad, named James M. Barnsley, a bright promising youth, whose sole thought and aspiration was painting. He entered the Class of Prof. Ives, of this City, and at once proved himself to be a close and industrious student, as a letter now in our possession from Prof. Ives will show. Many of his paintings are to-day in the homes of our best people, who are thorough judges of High Art, all of his works having more than trebled in value since then. After several years' study here, he went to Paris, still accompanied by his ever-faithful mother. He prosecuted his studies there for 5 years with unremitting attention, and never missed, during his sojourn in that City, in placing one of his paintings in the Salon; quite a feat for one of his youth and inexperience!! Some 10 or 11 years ago he, with his mother, returned to this country, sketching and painting, painting both in oil and water-colors from sketches taken while abroad in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland and Italy, and many Marine scenes from off the coast of Maine!! He painted and painted unremittingly, as if he had been forewarned of the terrible calamity that was, alas! so soon to overtake him, he being the only support of a widowed mother!! Too soon the time came, and, on a New Year's morning, 8 years ago, the thunder-clap as out of a clear sky overtook him, and from that moment he has been mentally stricken, and completely bereft of his God-given Genius!! His paintings, then finished so far, have since been sold one by one, principally in New York and Montreal!! The last of the batch, over 100, in oil and water-colors, was brought to this city at the beginning of the winter, and placed in an Art Gallery for sale. Sales were slow, the frail old mother was out daily in the cold winds and blinding snows, trying in her own feeble way to interest prospective buyers. She was, during the time, two months, the very welcome guest of our Mr. Crawford.

One evening, in coming into the house, all covered with snow, Mr. Crawford, after asking her, as usual, what she had accomplished, was about expressing his usual regrets, when some little bird whispered to him, "Why don't you buy the lot yourself?" In less than two seconds after that the bid for all the pictures was made and gladly accepted and a comparatively happy old lady was on her way back, in a couple of days, to her darling, her afflicted son!!

These pictures, since that time, have been to Mr. Crawford a "White Elephant," as he has no Art Gallery of his own and never expects to have. So now he has made up his mind to make these Pictures the Nucleus for the future home of all students of High Art.

They will find this a good place in which to dispose of pictures of real merit at a moderate commission.

ST. LOUIS' LOST GRAIN TRADE

The Report of the State Board of Rail and Warehouse Commissioners, just with Governor Stephens, is not pleasing reading for those who have the best interests of the city at heart. The report shows for the year ending December 31, 1899 following number of cars of grain of all kinds were inspected on arrival at St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joseph during year: St. Louis, 24,655; Kansas City, 18,493; St. Joseph, 1,814; Total 44,962. In addition to this there were inspected on arrival at St. Louis, 181,922 sacks of grain of all kinds. In 1897 there were inspected on arrival at the three cities named 63,000 cars, in 1898, 52,208, in 1899, 44,962, showing a net decrease for the last year of 6,350 cars.

In 1899 the receipts of grain in the warehouses of St. Louis were 7,509,869 bushels; in 1898 the receipts were 9,626,939, a decrease for last year of 2,117,070 bushels. The shipment of grain of all kinds from the St. Louis warehouses in 1899 was 6,862,723 bushels; in 1898 the shipments were 13,505,039 bushels, showing a decrease for last year of 6,642,316 bushels.

That the decline here noted is likely to continue still further is evident to all who note the trend of all commerce towards the cheapest outlets for shipment. During the last few years large tracts of territory formerly tributary to St. Louis have already found nearer and more direct ports of shipment, chiefly by railroads built on purpose to accomplish that end. It was in the power of this city to have permanently retained all the grain business she formerly had, and to attract a very large proportion of

the shipping out of all the farm produce of the States adjoining the river on either bank for hundreds of miles north and west of the city. The maintenance of a channel for the uninterrupted conduct of the trade thus created by such barge lines, would have been a matter for the Federal government, which would have made appropriations for that purpose commensurate with the magnitude of the commerce carried on the river. It is the opinion of those competent to give opinions on the matter, that had the necessary steps been taken to preserve the river traffic ten years ago, before many of the roads since built to reach the Gulf ports were planned, steamboating—with some variations in the style of boats—would have been revived to rival even the palmy days of the river. It may not be too late, even now, to restore much of the traffic which has formerly perhaps, temporarily, other channels. There is no transportation as cheap as water carriage, and much of the legitimate trade

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."

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\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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WOMEN SHOULD GET INSURED.

"Life insurance, as managed to-day, on the endowment plan, for instance, is at once an assurance and insurance," writes Edward Bok in the February *Ladies' Home Journal*. "It is the best means of saving, because it is compulsory. Men have found this to be the case, and women should. At thirty, for instance, she can, for less than fifty dollars a year, take a twenty-year endowment policy of one thousand dollars, which guarantees her that amount when she reaches the age of fifty. She will not feel burdened by the annual premium of fifty dollars. But she will feel the comfort of a thousand dollars when she is fifty. A woman's insurance for the education of her children is another factor of life insurance worthy of her thought, especially if she be a widow. In this way a mother may provide for the education of her children in case of her death. If the custom of mothers insuring their lives for their children at the time of the children's birth could become more general it would be one of the blessings of mankind. For women to insure their lives for the benefit of their husbands may well be an open question, so far as the wisdom of such a course is concerned. But when the matter of life insurance for women is placed on a basis of self-protection in old age, for the benefit of children, or as one of the best means of saving money, or even as a wise system of investment, there cannot be the least question of its wisdom."

A BLACK SEASON.

That black will be worn very generally all through the winter in England, is (says *Madame*) a foregone conclusion, now that so many English women have friends and relations at the front; for, however long this Transvaal war may last, the oft-recurring list of casualties must make sad gaps in many homes. Even those who happily, for them, have no near and dear ones actually engaged in active service, must nevertheless feel the deepest sympathy with the anxieties and sorrows of their friends, and it is a wide-spread feeling of this kind which is responsible for the fact that so many hunts, balls and country festivities generally have been indefinitely postponed.

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

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